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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The French, after their noble resistance during the twenty days of the Verdun battle, are in high spirits, but they have no illusions. Our Allies are not deceived by the lull in the great attack; they know that their enemy has to move forward his guns—a very difficult business in bad weather and likely to last nine or ten days. It began about 27 February, no doubt at night, because the French hold commanding positions on both sides of the Meuse and are keenly on the lookout for German movements. Lord Northcliffe has drawn attention to another point: that the French military authorities regard their position on the right bank of the Meuse as not a whit more useful to them than any other sector of their front.

This means that they do not look upon it as one of those positions of honour from which an army cannot retreat without enfeebling their defence or gravely impairing their prestige. It is not essential to their main lines of defence, but a sort of advance post, which the Germans may be able to purchase if they sacrifice lives enough, or if the French decide that it is not worth defending any longer. Meantime, there is ebb and flow in the preliminary movements that seem to herald either the second battle for Verdun or a feint offensive to cover a German attack elsewhere.

No appreciable change has taken place along the mysterious ridge of Douaumont, and the French say that the enemy has failed at Vaux. On the other hand, he has crossed the Meuse and taken Forges, on the north-west wing of Verdun, and has pushed on to Hill 265, which he captured on Tuesday after heavy loss. Since then he has made further efforts in this neighbourhood, meeting with a costly repulse at Béthincourt, and a severe check in the Bois des Corbeaux, which he held for a day. On the other wing also there has been much activity, and the Germans have taken Fresnes, where the French line bulged into the Woivre Plain.

It is said on good authority that the Germans have sent to the front their 1916 Class, and that they have begun to call out the 1917 Class, as well as men above forty-five. But it is easy to overvalue these matters. Better by far to magnify the enemy's power and to meet it with superior numbers than to exaggerate the German losses and to live all day long with delusions. There are writers in England who magnify all the German losses, and some of them lecture the Germans on the subject of squandering lives. Why? The sooner the Germans "conquer themselves to death" the better pleased we should be. But the main things that inspire confidence are the superlative bravery of the French, the progress of Russia in the Caucasus and in Persia, and that formidable efficiency along the British front that Professor J. H. Morgan has made real in his book. Those who put trust enough in these great things do not need to buoy up their hopes with overmuch talk about German casualties.

The "Times" and the "Daily Mail" printed on Monday a long and most interesting article by Lord Northcliffe on the battle of Verdun. The writer, with Mr. Wickham Steed, the foreign editor of the "Times", has been the guest of the French Army at the Front; and he was given rare facilities for seeing the battle. We cannot say that we are much impressed by the accounts given Lord Northcliffe by German prisoners of the state of the German Army, because, in most instances, prisoners, being exhausted and spent, naturally give a bad account of their own armies. This kind of evidence is deceptive. Lord Northcliffe's estimate of German total losses at Verdun—his message was sent a week ago—was 100,000; and we should think that a reasonable estimate.

Russian troops continue their advance towards Trebizond. They have made a landing near Atina, and the Turks retreated along the coast of the Black Sea to Mapavra, after suffering heavy losses. On Tuesday the Russian fleet bombarded Mapavra and stormed the positions, killing many Turks and causing the enemy to

fly westward to Rizeh, which the Russians captured on 7 March. Rizeh is a Black Sea port forty miles west of Trebizond. But the weather is very bad and the country is difficult, so that further progress cannot be as rapid as it will be thorough.

The Navy debate this week brought into the open all that can be said in favour of being alarmed about the Fleet; and it should put an end to all wondering and anxiety. Mr. Balfour's assurances may be accepted without reserve. Colonel Churchill had come hot foot from Flanders to express grave doubts as to whether all that he had intended the Navy to do was really being done by his successor. Were the dates being precisely kept? What had been the result of removing all the catfish from the Admiralty tank? Was Mr. Balfour's "cheerful serenity" justified? Colonel Churchill expressed doubts about new construction, apprehensions as to what the Germans were doing behind the Kiel Canal, misgivings as to whether the Admiralty were dealing rightly with the labour question. Finally, Colonel Churchill proposed that Lord Fisher should be recalled.

It was not difficult, as Colonel Churchill admitted, for Mr. Balfour to retort crushingly upon his predecessor. He had all the debating points, and, what was even of more avail, he had behind him the general sense of the House and country that the Navy must be completely vindicated and kept clear of politics and personalities. The result was a Parliamentary performance from Mr. Balfour which, in the old days of peace, would have thrilled and delighted us. To-day we are content just to note that this thing had to be done. Mr. Balfour was bound to red-pepper Colonel Churchill as a punishment for attempting to ginger the Navy. Colonel Churchill, said Mr. Balfour, had certainly pushed and driven. He had, for example, pushed and driven guns for the Grand Fleet on to the monitors and thus retarded the very construction programme of which he was now so solicitous. If Colonel Churchill had not done great harm by his speech, that was only because his charges had no foundation.

As to Lord Fisher, Mr. Balfour shared the "profound stupefaction" of the House. He reminded Colonel Churchill that "in what we thought was his farewell speech" he had said that Lord Fisher had not supported or advised him, when at the Admiralty, as a First Lord had a right to expect. Did Colonel Churchill, then, suggest that Lord Fisher allowed his professional loyalty to be governed by his personal views? Mr. Balfour pursued this train of argument affectionately and at length, with many a side blow at the bustle, push, and authoritativeness of his predecessor. Finally, and here the public is entirely with the First Lord, Mr. Balfour curtly refused to dismiss Sir Henry Jackson from his post. The thing is really clean out of the question.

All this was heavy punishment for a debater not in the habit of receiving it without a prompt return. We think Colonel Churchill's answer became him very well. He gallantly acknowledged the force of Mr. Balfour's reply and confined himself within brief and careful limits. To adapt a famous epigram—nothing in the debate became him so well as his leaving of it. On the whole, no real harm has been done. It is not agreeable to have the personal merits of our great sailors publicly disputed; but neither Sir Henry Jackson nor Lord Fisher can suffer by standing in the fiercest light. Admiral Sir H. Meux, indeed, seized the occasion of Colonel Churchill's suggestion on Tuesday to pay a very high tribute to Sir Henry Jackson and the intense regard in which he is held by the Fleet. As to Lord Fisher, has he not now won the sweetest triumph one man can extort from another—the admiration and the suffrage of an old opponent?

The "Möwe" is reported to be at anchor again in a German port, and the German Naval General Staff

supplies a list of the steamers that she either sank or held up. The German notice adds that the "Möwe" returned home with four British officers, 29 British marines and sailors, 103 Indians, and £50,000 in gold bars. The adventures of the "Möwe" are picturesque, but they are not important.

Three Zeppelins crossed over the North-East Coast last Sunday night, confounding those amateur experts who have declared that "gasbags" would be useless in a snowstorm or in any other bad weather. They passed over eight counties—Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Rutland, Huntingdon, Cambridgeshire, Norfolk, Essex, and Kent. At least ninety bombs were dropped, but there was no damage of a military sort. Civilian property was destroyed, and eighteen civilians were killed, including five children and four women. Here was a background for Lord Montagu's debate on Thursday. Much of what he said was only too true, and also, as was admitted afterwards by Lord Haldane and Lord Lansdowne, only too inevitable.

Mr. Gulland, M.P., is the Chief Ministerial Whip in the House of Commons. He whipped his party to the Division on the Military Service Bill second reading and told in its favour. Therefore we are entitled to conclude that he is an earnest believer in and supporter of that measure. Let us make free to regard him in that light. Then we may make the following suggestion to him: Let Mr. Gulland come out in print or on the platform, or both, with a strong statement in favour of the Military Service Act and an earnest request to those he whips that they shall do all in their power forthwith to make a great success of the Act.

But Mr. Gulland ought to act at once; for there is good reason to fear that some subtle and savage enemies of "Conscription"—as they love still to call it in order to make it stink in the public nostrils—are working against the Military Service Act. We believe that Mr. Gulland's observations on this head will answer to our own; at any rate we think he must be aware that an attempt is being made, not only to filch away men from military service, but to make the whole measure as odious as possible. Mr. Gulland has no doubt read the comments of the No-Conscription or of the lately No-Conscription Press in London, for instance; and these comments show the game that is going forward. The idea now is to queer the pitch of the Military Service Act. Mr. Gulland, M.P., should strike a hard, bold blow for the Act forthwith. It will help to check improper exemptions and to restrict the over-swelled list of reserved occupations. Now is Mr. Gulland's time.

The "Morning Post" continues to press the case of Mr. Percy Alden, M.P. for Tottenham, and the mysterious Cabinet Minister who asked him to organise opposition to the Military Service measure in order to defeat the Compulsionists in the Cabinet. It is simply a scandal that this matter should not be promptly cleared up once and for all; and the "Morning Post" is making a host of new friends everywhere by declining to be silenced till it has somehow wrung out the truth. But are there no electors in Tottenham who care for the reputation of the Cabinet? If there are, it is their duty to bring all the direct and accumulated pressure they can on their representative to get this matter cleared up.

Who was the Cabinet Minister who prompted Mr. Alden to act against the National Service members of the Cabinet? The replies of Mr. Montagu and Sir John Simon on Thursday and the shielding of Mr. Alden get us no nearer the truth. "Cabinet blabbing" has in the near past offended and disturbed, we happen to know, several members of the Cabinet; and one of them expressed himself firmly not long ago in the matter when approached on this very question of compulsion.

"Leave it to Lord Derby" is the best advice that can be given to-day to the attested married men; they can feel perfectly secure with him. To turn to the Tribunals: is it necessary to report their proceedings and headline and placard them from day to day as the No-Conscription Press in London is doing with keen relish for its own artful ends? Fancy the joy and comfort with which these journals are greeted now in Germany! We favour the total suppression of the reports of the proceedings before the Tribunals; for they are mischievous and very damaging to the British and Allied cause.

Mr. Asquith did not take to his bosom the deputation from the Chambers of Commerce which waited upon him on Tuesday. It would seem there are certain things which get rather upon Ministerial nerves—among them the talk that goes freely about concerning a business Government of business men. The following tart little dialogue took place on Tuesday between Sir Algernon Firth, who led the deputation, and Mr. Asquith:

Sir Algernon Firth: We suggest that the Minister of Commerce should be a business man and that he should have the assistance of an advisory committee of business men.

Mr. Asquith: What do you mean by "business" men?

Sir A. Firth: Men who are brought up in business and who know the exigencies of business.

Mr. Asquith: Not a lawyer, I suppose?

Sir A. Firth: I did not say so. I say that for commercial matters a man should be appointed who is accustomed to business and has had experience of it.

Mr. Asquith: I have spent a great part of my life in advising business men how to get out of difficulties. [The plain man's idea of a good lawyer is one who gets the business man on the other side into difficulties.]

Sir A. Firth: But I am afraid you have not spent much time in showing them how to develop their business.

Later Mr. Asquith speaks of a business man—whatever that means; and describes the demand for a business man—the demand with which we are all so familiar—as an "artificial limitation of the area of choice". He challenges us to define a business man in a business-like way. Perhaps some of the more urgent critics of the Government will accept the challenge. Meantime one notes that Mr. Asquith also seems to be tired of the call for new Ministers of this or that—Ministers of Air, of Commerce, of Recruiting, and what not. He told Sir Algernon Firth's deputation that he considered the "mere multiplication of Ministers" a doubtful good, if, indeed, it were not a positive evil. We incline to prefer subtraction ourselves.

Sir Algernon Firth's deputation did not, however, fail to get the satisfaction it was patriotically set upon obtaining. We are now definitely informed that a conference of the Allied Governments is to take place in Paris during the coming fortnight, at which the whole question of economic relations *inter se* will be thoroughly discussed. We are also told that Mr. Hughes comes from Australia with "definite ideas" and "concrete proposals"; and that the Government will shortly have a broad policy to recommend to the country and the Empire. Mr. Asquith on Thursday soothed Mr. Robertson and Mr. Holt with vague assurances that nothing would really be decided in Paris. But we have hopes that the Government may in practice be better than its word. Not even Mr. Asquith can at this time be very greatly concerned about the future of Free Trade.

The arrival of Mr. Hughes in London is an event of very high significance for the Empire. He has

come by way of New Zealand and Canada, where he conferred with Mr. Massey and Sir Robert Borden. Mr. Massey and Sir Robert Borden will themselves be in London before very long. Meantime, Mr. Hughes is acting virtually as the spokesman of the three Dominions. He comes with proposals for the Imperial Government concerning the organisation of trade, the Pacific question, and the terms of peace so far as they affect the Empire. Happily, Mr. Hughes comes not only to negotiate privately with the Government, but to explain publicly to this country the point of view of the Dominions. On Thursday he spoke upon a note which will, we hope, be heard again and again in the next few months. The story of Australia's dealing with the enemy alien is a lesson to our own Government in energy and rightness of view.

President Wilson is to be congratulated on having proved to the world, to Germany in particular, that he has behind him in his policy the sense of Congress and the American public. It would be trenching upon that policy of suggestion and invitation to America which we have always tried to avoid if we went at all into the details of the political movements of the last week or so at Washington. It is sufficient to note that the party which holds that American citizens should be warned off neutral vessels is for the moment countered. President Wilson's argument still holds that the German Government must be held accountable for the murder of American citizens who are drowned upon passenger or merchant ships. The party which opposes the President clearly disputes his whole policy.

The breach between Germany and Portugal is now complete. It was bound to come sooner or later as a result of the late seizure of German vessels; for that seizure implied a resolution on the part of Portugal to be of maximum help to the nations interested in the carrying services of the world. Germany's interest in carrying services, thanks to the British Fleet, is negligible, whereas virtually every ton upon the sea is to the advantage, direct or indirect, of the Allies.

It must fill all decent people with shame that great public servants like Lord Kitchener and Lord French, with a splendid record of work for the Empire, should be the subjects of inane gabble. The references to Lord Kitchener in the House of Commons on Wednesday and the accusations against Lord French, which were disposed of in the Law Courts on Thursday, were, alike, worthy of Colney Hatch.

It is announced in the "London Gazette" that the King has been pleased to award the Victoria Cross to the following officer:—"Second Lieutenant Alfred Victor Smith, 1/5th Bn. East Lancashire Regiment, T.F. For most conspicuous bravery. He was in the act of throwing a grenade when it slipped from his hand and fell to the bottom of the trench, close to several of our officers and men. He immediately shouted out a warning, and himself jumped clear and into safety; but, seeing that the officers and men were unable to get into cover, and knowing well that the grenade was due to explode, he returned without any hesitation and flung himself down on it. He was instantly killed by the explosion. His magnificent act of self-sacrifice undoubtedly saved many lives."

It is impossible to read this story without emotion. Such absolute, unhesitating self-sacrifice is beyond the limits of common manhood. Well may we require, when such stories as these are told of our heroic soldiers, that their honours shall not die, or rather that the official recognition of their honours shall not be lost in death. Lord Sydenham, the Duke of Rutland, and Lord Grenfell have this week been urging upon the Government that the posthumous honours of our soldiers shall not be allowed to lapse. It is a cruel wrong, anomalous and crooked, that they should.

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE NAVY.

"It may be said now to England: Martha, Martha, thou art busy about many things, but one thing alone is necessary. To the question, What shall we do to be saved in this world? there is no other answer but this, Look to your moat.

"The first article of an Englishman's political creed must be that he believeth in the sea; without that there needeth no general council to pronounce him incapable of salvation here."—George Savile's "Rough Draft of a New Model at Sea."

WE cannot understand why people should be uneasy about the management and leadership of the British Navy to-day; for there is no obvious reason for unease or alarm; and the more one has learnt in two or three directions lately of the unpublished facts about the construction of new ships and the work of the ships already in being the less is one inclined to be downcast or to be gloomy. Apparently the uneasiness or alarm—we shall not call it panic—about the Navy started when somebody asked: Dear me! what would happen if a German ship called *Hindenburg* came out from Kiel and discharged a 17-inch gun at the British Fleet or the British coast? We recommend people who are still uncomfortable about the *Hindenburg* 17-inch gun to turn up the Parliamentary Debates and read again, considerately, Mr. Balfour's reply to his questioner on the subject. And let him try to read somewhat between the lines: in war time one should read between the lines. The "*Hindenburg*" story, no matter how true, need not make our blood to creep or our hair to stand on end: for, after all, we can build a little too. Then there has been the "*Möwe*" incident; but really he must be something of an artist in alarm who can affect to feel uncomfortable about the management and leadership of the British Navy to-day on the score of the "*Möwe*". The "*Möwe*" incident is no more than a titillating little episode in the war. It is a Lilliput affair, very diverting and staged in a way that might excite the envy of Sir Beerbohm Tree. It is clever, we cannot deny; for it has done something, and done it very featly, towards rehabilitating the naval character of Germany. It was staged, we fancy, largely for neutrals; and part of the business was to show that a German sailor, too, can—on occasions—act the gentleman. Beyond that, there was nothing in the "*Möwe*" incident worth mentioning; and we have yet to meet any man with his head screwed on the right way who is ready to say openly that the midget success of the "*Möwe*" proves that the British Fleet is mismanaged to-day, or is wanting in driving power and initiative. The sea is a big place, and the blockade, as perhaps such a book as "*Little Arthur's History of England*" would show, is run now and then in war: it is a way blockade runners have. We should count on running it if not the British Fleet, but—*absit omen!*—an enemy Fleet were uppermost in this war.

The *Hindenburg* 17-inch and the gallant and picturesque raid of the "*Möwe*" may be written off. There is nothing worth considering in either in regard to this question of the present management and striking power of the Navy. Nor are we—especially after Mr. Balfour's speeches in the House of Commons on Tuesday and Wednesday—in the least inclined to believe that any great matter is amiss with the Fleet.

We believe, through information—though information, even good information at first hand, should usually be taken with a pinch of salt; the salt-cellar being a useful thing in war time—and through common sense, and through faith in the managers of the British Navy to-day, that the position is well. We have the right kind of First Lord of the Admiralty, and he has the advice of men whom, we firmly believe, the public can trust. Gross mismanagement there has been in the conduct of this war in many a department: in men, in money, in munitions. Feeble fumbling, indecision, and procrastination have been. But the Navy has held and holds the sea. With consummate skill the men who run the Navy have got the submarine peril under. That was a grave peril, though oddly enough many people inclined to gloom or dismay seem never to have been greatly disturbed by it. We do not say that the peril has completely passed, and we are not sure that we can be quite as easy about it as Mr. Churchill is; but it has certainly been got under—a master work of seamanship, cunning and watchful! The Navy is in good, safe hands to-day. It is skilfully and bravely led. To rush into any change would be an act of headstrong folly. Let those debate it in print who care to: we will, to-day, be led away into nothing of the kind.

But the agitation has not been without its services. The British Navy, as we have insisted more than once of late, is the first thing the country has to concentrate on without the least cessation. Directly we lose sight of this we see everything out of proportion in the war. The question of high explosive shells has at times loomed so big that *that* has seemed the supreme necessity, the greatest question Great Britain has to face in the war. The question of men, again, is constantly looming in the same way. Yet ships, ships, ships, always in reality they are first and foremost; because, without an absolute naval pre-eminence, the shells and the men cannot avail us. Without that pre-eminence the British Empire is lost, and in a very short time the Allied Cause—no matter how well founded on justice and right it be—would also be lost. However many million men we send to the Continent, and however deeply we plunge in the future into problems of the settlement of Europe, we have to remember always that we still are an island nation and an ocean Power. That is our foundation: and George Savile's saying holds true to-day as in his own age. So long as we keep our Fleet pre-eminent, let them all come!

THE ALIEN AT LARGE.

THE inhabitants of Boston, Lincolnshire, have this week petitioned the Government to intern all enemy aliens, naturalised or unnaturalised. "Though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod"—and here she has received a spur from last Sunday's visit of the Zeppelins. So again this old question is pushed forward—as it always will be whenever anything occurs to raise it. It can be laid to rest once and for all in only one way. Let the enemy aliens be interned in Great Britain as they are interned in France and Germany. Let the public be protected from the aliens and the aliens from the public. Then there will be no more worry and alarm; and no more opportunities for the enemy to spread libels concerning our public demeanour towards the Germans such as the Foreign Office refuted yesterday in official print.

The story of the enemy aliens in Great Britain is not a happy one. We have all had some opportunity or other of watching them as they appeared and disappeared, the objects alternately of sympathy and anti-

pathy, subject to the pleasure of His Majesty's Government. The public passes every now and then from bitter hostility to sentimental kindness. Upon one day it has seemed a pity that poor Mr. X., who was a Viennese baker with a nice family and a light hand with the pastry, should suffer owing to the bad deeds of Germany. After all, as he would plaintively observe to his customers, he could not very well help what his countrymen were doing somewhere in Poland. So for a time he would thrive. Then would come a Zeppelin raid, or a soldier from the front would bring home stories of things he had seen in France, and Mr. X. would have his windows broken. After that the cycle could begin again—renewed pity for the unfortunate Mr. X. and an even more serious reaction.

This sort of thing is unfair to Mr. X.; unfair to the public, distressfully hovering between its kind sentiments and its fits of horror at German methods of barbarism; unfair to the police, who are expected to interpose whenever there is trouble. This matter of the enemy aliens is not a matter of kind sentiments or hostility. It should have nothing to do with man-hunting or with vague, emotional humanity. It should be strictly a matter of common sense. When a country is at war it is bound to see to it (1) that enemy civilians shall come to no harm from the very natural popular feeling against them—which is sure to break out from time to time—and (2) that enemy civilians shall have no chance of being helpful to their own people. There is only one way of attaining these two objects. The enemy alien must be segregated. He must be guarded and watched. There is no question here of vindictiveness or scare. Internment is a common precaution adopted by all nations and sanctioned by the international code—internment, not simply of individual enemy aliens upon personal grounds or suspicion of actual hostile intent, but of all enemy aliens wherever found. Then we, and the aliens themselves, know precisely what to think of the whole matter.

Unfortunately in Great Britain we have obstinately preferred to look at this question from a wrong point of view. Instead of assuming that a German is a German and that an Austrian is an Austrian, we have at different periods gone into all sorts of complicated distinctions. Some Germans, we say, are clearly dangerous and must be interned; others are possibly less dangerous and can be allowed to go loose upon a string. Aliens can be allowed loose in Devonshire who would perhaps be a possible source of danger in Kent. The whole system—a system which still governs our policy, though it has of late been considerably tightened up—of considering individual cases is thoroughly mistaken. It puts the whole question of the aliens in an unpleasantly personal way. It turns not only the Government but the public also into a sort of amateur detective wondering whether Mr. X. is really an innocent baker and whether Mrs. W. is altogether as fond of the English as she professes to be. It encourages a Titus Oates atmosphere of suspicion and uneasiness. Moreover, it puts upon the police, whose duty it is to watch the suspects and determine the merits of this particular case or that, a responsibility and a discretion which is too exacting. The police cannot always be right. Distinction upon merits is unwholesome for the public and necessarily subject to official error. It is a bad system.

The alternative is to adopt quite frankly something in the nature of the wholesale principle recommended by the townspeople of Boston. Concerning unnaturalised enemy aliens there need be no hesitation at all. In with them. The naturalised enemy aliens—some of them expressly naturalised after the war by the Government itself—are more difficult. Here one would be willing to allow a certain latitude. We have allowed English society, politics, institutions, trade, industry, and finance to be so deeply interpenetrated by the naturalised enemy alien that he cannot suddenly be extricated. Here the authorities would have to go on applying their system of individual cases—with this proviso, that at least the naturalised alien might be kept out of the prohibited areas. The peti-

tion from Boston is here a little over-sanguine. It is a counsel of perfection.

How much remains to be done may be seen from some recent figures. At the beginning of the year there were over 12,000 male enemy aliens at large in Great Britain alone. In addition there were some 10,000 women. Even in the prohibited areas 67 male Austrians were free, and 442 male Germans. We are assured that these people are all known and looked after by the police, and that the system of keeping them on the lead works well. One cannot feel very confident as to this. It may seem to work without obvious danger to the aliens or to the public in times of ordinary events and normal excitement. But the earlier Zeppelin raids and the effect upon the inhabitants of the East End of London have only to be recalled to show how this apparent popular equilibrium can be suddenly upset. It is the business of the authorities to be prepared for the unusual in war-time; and there is no reason to think that the present arrangements as to enemy aliens would stand the strain of any very serious surprise.

What is there to be said against adopting the sense of the Boston petition? We can find only one real motive for continuing in our present ways—a misplaced dislike of severe courses, which is due at its best to a muddled chivalry, and at its worst to the preaching of sedulous teachers who seize instinctively upon every position which can be held in defence of the half-fighters. Of course, it is unkind and unpleasant to mount guard upon apparently harmless enemy aliens who have so long enjoyed our hospitality. It is not altogether nice, and sometimes it is really hard lines upon the innocent. But these feelings will not be found to be really humane in the long run. It is better to let the public and the aliens know at once where—respectively they are. There is no stigma attached to internment. There cannot, on the other hand, fail to be a stigma under the past system. The interned enemy is at present commonly assumed to have abused the hospitality of his hosts; the uninterned enemy must needs figure as a very bad German or Austrian; and the dilemma simply shows how impossible is the position of an alien in a country with which his own is at war. He must, if he is left as a free agent, be faithless one way or the other. The remedy is clear. For his own sake, as well as for the sake of the country that harbours him, freedom of action, which either way must condemn him, should be put beyond his reach.

THE HABEAS CORPUS SCARE.

TO practise liberty is an art—a difficult art—in which few are able to excel. It is easier to chatter about it or to set limits to it by Acts of Parliament. Since the Reform Bill of 1832 these limits have become narrower in most civil affairs, yet we have all had so much freedom left that many of us have not known how to use it to the best advantage, not merely for our own benefit, but for the realm's honour and welfare. For this reason sterner legislation became necessary as soon as the war broke out, and we are all living under a temporary system which seeks to defend the realm by imposing upon everyone the duty of regarding the nation's life as the apotheosis of all other liberties, and therefore as the sanctuary in which personal freedom should be placed until the nation's life is rescued from peril. That this system has not been enforced with overmuch rigour is proved by the alien enemies still at large and by the licence granted to "conscientious" objectors of many sorts and conditions, who have not scrupled to pit their personal whims against the realm's needs in a war of vast magnitude and danger.

Yet there are constitutionalists who view these new arrangements as harmful to personal liberty, and a controversy in the "Times", begun by Sir Edward Fry, has drawn public attention to the matter. Lord Parmoor and Sir Edward Fry champion the historical

right of personal liberty against certain powers vested, or alleged to be vested, in the executive by the Defence of the Realm Act. Their minds travel back both to the bulwark of English freedom, Magna Carta, and to the Habeas Corpus Acts, and laymen are told that a deadly blow has been struck at two essential principles of true English citizenship. The first principle is that judicial functions should be left to the judiciary, because our ancestors, after long centuries of tough struggle, put the rule of law under the judiciary, as the surest public safeguard that they could gain for their right of personal freedom and for candour and fair play in the administration of justice. The second principle is that Parliament should retain her legislative functions and should never delegate them to any executive body, under a wide system of proclamations. Lord Parmoor regards it as ominous that under an extended franchise there has been less care to respect the principles of representative government; and he is certain that even the Statute of Proclamations passed in 1539, during the worst period of Tudor despotism, had powers hardly worse than those which he finds in the first section of the Defence of the Realm Consolidation Act, 1914.

To legislate by proclamation, says Lord Parmoor, is to give to executive actions the force of Acts of Parliament, and this procedure "is essentially inconsistent with the right of personal freedom as recognised by Magna Carta, and safeguarded by the writ of *habeas corpus* . . . Is not a nation stronger in war which respects great constitutional principles on which it has grown, not only as a Great Power, but as a pioneer of just principle?"

Dr. Horace Round has pointed out that superstitions have gathered about Magna Carta, but they do not affect in debate what Lord Parmoor defines as "the real vital contentions" raised by Sir Edward Fry for the whole public to consider. Important questions have been asked and answered in the House of Commons, and their bearing on this debate has been summarised from a layman's point of view by Mr. Wilfrid Ashley, M.P. We note three things in order that the controversial attack—to be considered later—may be seen in its darkest aspects:

1. The Home Secretary represents the executive under the Defence of the Realm Act, and he has power—within strict limits as we shall hereafter discover—to arrest and imprison British subjects of hostile origin or of enemy associations; no charge at present need be made against them in a court of law, and their internment is said to end only when the Home Secretary chooses to let them go.

2. At the present moment seventeen British-born subjects and sixteen naturalised Britons have their freedom annulled in this manner.

3. British subjects can appeal to an Advisory Committee to have their cases revised; the members of this Committee inspire the utmost confidence, but their tenure of office depends on the will of the Government, argues Mr. Ashley, and it is the Government, through its Home Secretary, that arrests the persons who appeal against its actions to the Committee. There is not, however, much in this, seeing that the presidents are both judges who are appointed judges for life practically, and in no wise dependent on their new offices. The Home Secretary decides whether each prisoner is of hostile origin or of enemy association. Mr. Ashley goes on to say, from the civilian point of view, that the same person is prosecutor and judge—"a combination", he adds, "particularly repugnant to our English notions of justice". But this is scarcely correct, the competent military or naval authority or the Advisory Committee—as we shall see—is rather in the rôle of prosecutor.

For there are other sides to this matter, and Mr. J. G. Butcher writes as follows concerning the Defence of the Realm Regulations, which apply only to persons of hostile origin or of enemy associations, and, be it noted, only "for the duration of the war":

"No order can be made for the internment of such a person unless (a) on the recommendation of a

competent naval or military authority or an advisory committee presided over by a high judicial functionary, and (b) it appears to the Secretary of State that for securing the public safety or the defence of the realm it is expedient, in view of the hostile origin or associations of the person in question, that he shall be interned. This Regulation, like innumerable others, was framed as an emergency measure necessary for the safety of the country in the presence of a great war. Lord Parmoor would be the first to admit that, in a time of unexampled stress and danger, it is folly to insist on a rigorous application of all the constitutional doctrines which we jealously maintain in times of peace. There are in this country persons who, although British subjects by naturalisation or otherwise, yet owing to their German or other hostile origin or associations are a danger to the State when allowed to remain at large. Some of these persons are clever enough to avoid overt acts which would justify their conviction in a Court of Law.

"The question, therefore, is this: Is it better during the war to curtail the liberties of persons of the character I have described, or to imperil the public safety by leaving them at large? The most sensitive constitutionalist need not hesitate to accept the former alternative."

Indeed, the Government often has been dilatory rather than drastic in its attitude toward suspicious and dangerous persons. There is a very real need to beware of traitors, and also of the wise alien who has carefully made himself into a British subject, so that, under cover of Habeas Corpus and the rest of it, he can do useful work to help his German and Austrian friends and associates. And why should any constitutionalist forget that the Habeas Corpus Act has been suspended by Parliament again and again for a specified time, the people parting for a while with a portion of their liberty in order to defend their nation's permanent welfare? Under each suspension persons have been arrested without cause or purpose being assigned in a trial; and surely a decent country in a time of danger ought to be able to trust the uprightness of its chosen Government.

The Act in question was suspended for a short time in 1689, 1696, 1708; during the Scots' rebellion of 1715-16 and of 1744-45; and on other occasions, as during the American War of 1777-79. Affairs in Ireland have caused its suspension more than any other cause, beginning with the rebellions of 1798 and 1803, and ending with the Fenians, who saw the Habeas Corpus Act suspended three or four times as between 28 February 1868 and 25 March 1869.

In a civilised country, where habits of freedom are old, emergency measures are but passing checks on old rights and privileges. They cannot be worse than the Government that administers them; and, the crisis over, the people return to that measure of personal liberty which they have agreed to accept as enough from their limiting legislation. Errors may occur under all sorts of emergency measures—there was one case, for example, we believe, in which a man was innocently imprisoned for six years—but errors occur also in wrong verdicts honestly passed by juries; and it seems to us that the Home Secretary and his legal advisers, when dealing with cases within the hot atmosphere of the war, ought to be cooler in their official judgment than a jury might be, for the jury might represent popular emotion, which at the present time is not impartial.

We support Mr. Butcher, partly for the reasons given by him, and partly because the lenient conduct of the Government is out of keeping with the fears of Lord Parmoor. The barons who persuaded King John into the signing of Magna Carta would have been extremely astonished by some of our modern invocations of that document. No present-day Home Secretary, nor his Advisory Committee, will act like a Tudor or like a Plantagenet. The Habeas Corpus affair was settled once for all generations ago.

A FUTILE THRIFT CAMPAIGN.

ONE of the multitudinous committees which are mismanaging the war to-day is styled "The National Organising Committee for War Savings." We cannot remember whether this is the particular committee or no which sent out from Downing Street a year or so since a booklet advising people to travel third instead of first, and to give smaller tips to servants at week-end parties; but anyhow it is of the same kidney, and it has just issued a poster headed "Don't", which appears to be a feeble plagiarism of "Punch's" old joke about people going to marry. The poster—which by an Alice in Wonderland arrangement is stocked at the Public Trustee office!—tells you to don't use a motor-car for pleasure, to don't keep more servants than you want, to don't buy new clothes needlessly, and to don't be afraid of wearing old coats and hats in war time. This abject fooling is to be stuck up on walls and in windows, and possibly to be advertised in newspapers. Its one effect will be to make us ridiculous in the eyes of foreigners who read it in the streets or papers; and, so far as the Germans and Austrians are concerned, it will "buck" them up, and make them bear with more equanimity the nuisance of butter tickets or the nationalisation of soup. The Germans will naturally conclude: "The hated English, strafe them, are getting so terribly pinched that their Government has to come in and advise them to wear greasy old clothes, and to sack their maids of all work".

The time has come to make an end of this undignified and insincere campaign of economy. If the Government cannot make up its mind to practise economy by ending absolutely the useless Land Valuation rubbish, and by cutting down the huge clerical staff employed on the National Insurance scheme, which Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Masterman imported from Germany; if it cannot see its clear way to reducing the Civil Service Estimates by at the least fifty millions a year to start with—it had better wind up its economy campaign, and leave our alleged new clothes, costly motor-cars and retinues of domestic servants alone.

The last move in this economy campaign—the old clothes and sacked servants poster—is past bearing; coming as it does from gentlemen whose emoluments vary from £10,000 a year downwards—and not very far downwards—and who, it is no great secret, are not lunching on bread and cheese and the inferior quality of margarine,* and who have not yet taken to cooking their own breakfast and blacking their own boots each morning—as the writer of this article often has to do, not through virtue in the least, but through inconvenience. We dislike personalities about the private habits and the domestic economy of Ministers, and we have not in the past liked the demand that this Minister or that Minister should take £2,500 a year instead of £5,000. It has struck us that such suggestions are rather mean, and not always in the best taste. But to-day Ministers invite, nay they insist on, such personalities by the line they are taking about thrift. A man who calls loudly on others for the sake of the common weal to wear a greasy old billycock and trousers baggy at the knee, but who obviously does not wear anything of the kind himself, is bound to suffer from personal allusions. He is "asking for it". Dr. Johnson sportively deprecated practising what you preach as vulgar and unintellectual: but practising the exact opposite of what you loudly preach lays you open to a shrewd suspicion of hypocrisy.

Besides, the whole of this thrift by committee and poster method is futile. Thrift cannot be rushed and muddled into at the last moment as apparently the purely martial preparations against a huge land war can in the opinion of our great men to-day. Thrift is the tardy growth of years of toil and even pain. Unless a man is born a skinflint, he has to be schooled in the art; and the schooling is often long and terribly hard. Thrift looks to farthings, a coin unrecognised

in Downing Street. Thrift literally collects farthings—ludicrous and far-fetched though this may seem to a Chancellor of the Exchequer in a hurry.

Thrift does not often go to the State—or to gentlemen who in peace time habitually hunt after things called Votes—and beg to be pensioned, to be supported all round out of the public purse, out of somebody else's hard-earned pence. But the pupils in the school of, for example, Mr. McKenna and Mr. Lloyd George and of the various gentlemen that sit on Thrift Committees to-day, and work up Thrift posters, have learned to go to the State and to the gentlemen who collect votes, and to seek pensions and support from the public purse. Indeed, the schooling of the British people for a long time past now has been notoriously an anti-thrift schooling: and we cannot change all this suddenly, and cause people to save and stint themselves, by sending out platitudinous booklets from Downing Street and plastering the walls with "don't" posters. Mr. McKenna and his thrift counsellors, if they want people to spend less to-day, have only one really effective method—the brutal method of the tax collector. They must tax and they must tariff; and they must tariff the working man, severely, with the rest. The working man is doing exceedingly well out of this war. Let him thank his lucky stars he is not an artist or an author. It is better to be an indifferent carpenter, and knock nails into rotten huts.

They must pursue the line of most resistance: the thrift poster and the thrift booklet are the line of least resistance, and they are an entire waste of print and paper. But, following the line of most resistance, they will have to take their courage in both hands; and, whilst they tax here and tariff there, they will have to strike ruthlessly at public expenditure all round. In the SATURDAY REVIEW of June 26, and July 3, 1915, Lord Middleton made some suggestions to this end, which shocked those politicians and papers who thought—and apparently still think—that we ought to have public expenditure as usual. If we are to come out of the war financially alive we shall have to go all the way with Lord Middleton, and a great deal farther. In no branch of the war is there a more urgent call for a policy of thorough than in that of finance; and we fear that in no branch is there less sign at present of such a policy being applied. So far the whole matter has been paltered with.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 84) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

THE WESTERN FRONT.

THE contest on the Meuse heights, which shows signs of intermittence in persistent violence, is of welcome significance. If German strategy has designed that the centre of gravity of the struggle in the West is to be thrown upon the Eastern defences of France, then indeed must wisdom have departed from the military council of the Empire and yielded to the more pressing call of the political tocsin. The distant alarm signals that presage disquiet behind the German firing line, the signs of unrest and revolution that are smouldering among the populations of her new Allies, could be damped down only by a blaze of triumph elsewhere. No better site for a hoarding on which to advertise a telling victory to her arms than one perched upon the heights that guard the frontiers of her most powerful enemy. The capture of a fortress can be made to have more than a military significance. The better known the fallen stronghold the more ominous becomes the sound of triumph. All the world heard the thud that proclaimed the fall of Erzerum, and realised its portent. The German knows to what distant echoes would the crash reverberate should Verdun yield to his fierce blows. The effort has so far failed for good reasons, for Germany has chosen to strike where France has for years elected to be strongest.

The lesson given to France by her terrible *débâcle* of 1870 was not likely to be one of which she would

* The superior quality can hardly be distinguished from best fresh.

bear a repetition. In the long-continued controversy on the problem of the future security of the Republic after the experience of an untold disaster the question of new methods of defence forced itself upon her councillors. The War Cabinet of our Ally was faced with a terrible puzzle. They saw a victorious powerful neighbour the master of smaller States welded to him by the bonds forged by sharing in his triumphs, with an ever-increasing population and with war germs coursing in the veins of rapidly accumulating millions. Faced as France was from within by a restricted if not a diminishing birth-rate, the question of the future immunity of the nation from persecution by a bitter enemy was indeed a conundrum. Two courses were open. An alliance with a strong land Power or a change in the military system founded upon self-reliance and sacrifice. Fortunately for France, the efforts of her statesmen secured the former and by the foresight of her military chiefs she totally and radically reorganised her war methods. Tradition and a long series of successful wars had earned for French soldiery an imperishable renown for *élan*. Was this great factor for success in war to be ignored in the surrender of an offensive idea for the protection of her frontiers, and thus abandon all considerations of enterprise in the spirit of *révanche*, or was France to sit quietly down behind a barrier of fortresses and await the next onslaught? The alliance with Russia answered the question. The conception of France's defensive system was based upon a studied preparation to ward off a blow and to fight offensively when opportunity served. It took the form of a shield in war, but a shield from behind which blows could be delivered with skill. It is this very shield upon which German shells are now being rained. It is in the particular sphere of the War in the Western theatre, where the duty of *preserving* has been made a study by our Ally for past decades, that the German forces will come to learn that the defensive form of war is in itself stronger than the offensive. We need not labour over the many illustrations afforded by this Armageddon that establish proof of this assertion. The defensive design that governed the first principles laid down for the security of France never, however, had a purely negative object. It purported a non-aggressive existence only so long as weakness compelled and when sufficient strength had been accumulated to aim at something positive. A war in which victories are merely used to ward off blows, and where there is no attempt to return the blow, would be just as absurd as a battle in which absolute passive defence should prevail in all circumstances. The great moral forces which at times saturate the element of war with a leaven of their own, which therefore the commander in certain cases can use to assist the other means at his disposal, are to be supposed just as well on the side of the defensive as of the offensive: at least those which are more especially in favour of attack at opportune moments. Confusion and disorder in the ranks of the enemy do not generally appear until after the decisive stroke is given. It is by the study of this trait in the system of defence and by its application that the talent and capacity of the French leader at Verdun bids fair to rob Germany of the hopes of a triumph. He sees the double solution of a problem—the attacker being ruined by his own efforts or by the sword of the defensive. At each new stage of the defensive the counterpoise turns in its favour, for there must be a gain in power for the counterstroke. It is the moment for a leader with an eye for time and opportunity.

We are yet far from solving the mystery that lies behind the minds of the German War Staff in the desperate venture to which they have committed a great army at Verdun. If political motives have dictated to the Great General Staff to strike a blow which, if successful, is meant to resound throughout the world, there is no doubt that the selected point of impact, although it may lead to nowhere, yet involves no strategical risks by failure. An ordinary roadside finger-post best betokens the strategical import of the military situation that converges upon Verdun. The

northern arm points to the German line of communications to the rear. The two other arms, one pointing S.E., the other to the W., indicate the lines of defence of our Ally. The fortress of Metz on the east and the wood of the Argonne on the west of the German line stand as two powerful sentries to forbid a passage to any hostile attempt to sever the artery of communications by a turning movement from either flank. The struggle must be a ding-dong soldiers' battle, gun for gun, rifle for rifle, according as the limitation of the terrain gives scope for action. It may last for days or weeks, with intervals of pause to permit of the attackers, if so inclined, to push up their monster weapons when platforms have been constructed for their proper service. Unquestionably the many woods that fringe the two banks of the winding Meuse will baffle the airman reconnoiter in his efforts. It is best to assume that a fresh hostile deluge of explosives is in course of preparation, and be prepared to anticipate the onslaught by counter action. There is no necessity for excitement over the issue. Verdun promises to reproduce on the eastern face of the Allied line the duplicate picture which Ypres has afforded us on the more northern branch—a veritable shambles. A partial tactical success by the enemy under such conditions is not far removed from a lost battle. The Allies are out to bleed Germany white, and must welcome the assistance bestowed to them by the sacrifice of an heroic soldiery to what distinctly appears to be the whims of political necessity. Germany knows that she needs a victory, cost what it may. She will do everything in her power, firstly, to obtain a success, and, secondly, to exaggerate its importance.

Verdun, thus far, in its two phases has been pre-eminently a gunners' battle. It has been not so much a practical lesson for the layer of the weapon as a field for deep study in fire tactics offered to the commanding general of artillery as to where the varieties of cannon, great and small, at his disposal can best fulfil the purpose for which they were designed. It is distinctly a contemplation of trajectories. In the broken tangle of hill, woods, and dale which flanks the winding course of the river Meuse it is evident that cover for an assailant is obtainable in the many folds of ground that Nature has afforded. Projectiles fired from weapons with high velocity and with flat trajectories would course harmlessly over the heads of hostile infantry thus sheltered. Direct fire from the dreaded 75's would strike no terror equal to what the plains of Champagne would offer. It is the opportunity for the monster howitzer with the high curve given to the path of its shell, and whose province is to search out such hidden ground and make a hell of it. On the other hand, the 75's come into their own if tactically used in such a manner as to rake a valley or sweep a hill top by enfilade fire, and may thus clear away every vestige of attackers and leave the ground a shambles. This point was emphasised in my last letter, when, in alluding to the first phase of this great battle, I foretold the carnage that must be entailed upon the advancing waves of infantry on the east bank of the river Meuse by the tactical mistake of the enemy in neglecting to make a simultaneous effort on the western side. The contest in the second phase has now been launched to rectify this error. This method of a piecemeal pinching of the ground to the north of the stronghold, first on one bank of the river and then on the other, betokens that the first effort was probably launched somewhat hastily. Maybe the preparations for attack on the two sectors were not equally advanced or that insufficient gun material was at disposal for a combined operation. The gunners' duel—a contest of brains and material—still holds the field, and at a costly sacrifice for the enemy the battle line has swayed against our brave Ally. The main assault has yet to come, and time, that supreme factor in war, has thus been gained to meet the great onslaught upon which the world's eyes have been fixed for past weeks. A dynasty may hang upon the issue.

The preparation for such hammer blows as Verdun

has witnessed, and is still enduring, is the work of weeks if not of months. We can realise what this gigantic task must have entailed when we recall the preliminary labour that had to be put in ere our small army was launched for its offensive at Neuve Chapelle and again at Loos. The monster weapons brought up to pulverise Verdun and the defences that bristle on the heights surrounding the stronghold would demand the services of many thousands of men, firstly, to construct the roadways and railways leading to the selected gun sites, and then to erect the concrete platforms without which these weapons cannot possibly maintain a fire with any promise of accuracy. The transport of ammunition for these weapons is of itself a stupendous undertaking. Security for observers of artillery fire and telephonic communication have equally to be considered, and all this branch of siege art translated into field warfare. What a revolution! Men and material, both when at work and at rest, have to be covered from view of the airman, for surprise gives the only promise of success to such an undertaking. Behind all these preparations lie the dense numbers of corps and divisions told off for the assaulting columns, a set purpose allotted to each, either an objective in the hostile position, a flank guard, a support, a reserve—a place for each. The mass well rehearsed for the part that they are destined to play upon the stage. This preparatory practice likewise hidden, if possible, from the eye of the hostile airman. It is seldom that such lengthy preparations remain for long an entire secret. The precise point of impact may be undiscovered, but deserters and prisoners, independent of spies and observers, give a clue to a coming purpose. It is by piecing the small scraps of information thus received that the skill of the defender is portrayed. His study should ever be a two-fold one—and a study whose keynote is anticipation—ever ready with an answer—firstly, if I am called upon by my supreme commander to penetrate the hostile lines and capture an objective beyond, how should I act, how should I dispose the forces at present under my control, how much reinforcement should I require, where should I place my gun sites in view of the support that would be necessary to maintain the advantage gained in the attack and secure it from a counter? The operation has to be considered in the light of a huge travelling sap-head. Secondly, if the indications in my front point to a concentration for a hostile purpose, and my supreme commander has no intention of anticipating the same by an offensive, how shall I dispose of my local reserve and of any further reinforcement that may be afforded to me in order that I may seize the opportunity of the disorder in the enemy's ranks consequent on his first assault and smash him with an organised force retained in hand for the purpose?

Verdun has afforded an opportunity of a practical illustration of the above two studies. Army commanders in this war are daily learning new branches of the art from their opponents. It has ever been so, since war's earliest days, but with this difference, that in the present struggle the lesson learnt must be taken to heart at once, and not left for a lesson for the future.

A wise procedure has been introduced in our Army to relieve the advanced line of the defenders of the weary monotony of trench life and its paralysing influence on moral by periodically removing the divisions and corps well away from the front to recoup life and to rehabilitate discipline and energy. It is there in the rear that the main battle at the front will be fought by men rehearsed for the task and men re-invigorated by attention to the physical capacity and endurance that will be required of them in the coming effort. We can afford to be grateful to Verdun for its lessons. But we are slow at learning. It is not in intelligence that we are lacking, for like other nations in arms we now have the brains of the population in fair alloy in the metal of our armour. It is the absence of the "power of command" in subordinate leaders that constitutes our difficulties, a virtue not acquired in a day, a month or a year. It must ever be so with hastily raised forma-

tions. When these new leaders have acquired the knowledge of the value of discipline by practice under the tutelage of tried veterans of the old army we shall "walk over" the enemy. But this is not the period for holidays behind the firing line. Some day we may hope that our armies will be called upon not only to fight as they have hitherto shown that they can do, but to march and fight and march again. The training for this purpose under the altered conditions of modern war should be ever before our eyes.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

SKETCHES FROM THE FRONT.—III.

SOME WOMEN OF FRANCE.

BY A SERGEANT IN KITCHENER'S.

ON returning near the town of S., it was but natural I should revisit Madame H. The town of S. has a famous old watchmaker who sits all day in his tiny window and calls for his wife; but I did not revisit S. for his sake; neither for the little river with its private bridges to door and garden, nor the old smells nor the old houses—not even for the sake of Madame's *petits pains*—for no sake but Madame herself. We had marched away from S. one fine evening, and a long night march under summer leaves had lain before us. Now the leaves had all fallen and blown away, the avenues were bare, and the elms and poplars mingled with the mist. I threaded my way through the mud to Madame H.'s door. She and other little ladies, all dressed in black and all connected by family ties, lived in a small house attached to the convent schools. These schools had always been used as a hospital by a field ambulance occupied with divisional sick, and from time immemorial Madame's parlour and kitchen, entered from the convent yard, had been devoted as a canteen. I knocked at the street entrance, and the door was opened by Madame herself. Her face was gravely smiling: she was unchanged; the round table was there, surrounded by boys in khaki eating boiled eggs; the *Angelus* and the *Cardinal* still hung on the wall; a pleasant chatter of two languages filled the room: all was as it had been.

If goodness, gentleness and virtue could make a duchess, Madame was such. She dressed in black serge; she was short, her face was red from cooking; but she was truly dignified. The other little ladies also wore black serge, and were no shorter than she—indeed, one was quite tall—but they were all secondary to Madame. When in her turn she brought in the casserole or poured the coffee the procedure was different, it had more weight: the sugar was placed on the table with more *empressement*, and although no word might be uttered, the man served felt impressed. This dignity was never impaired by continual contact with her customers, who came in at all hours of the day and would often crowd round the stove and make cooking very difficult. Her manners were never disturbed, however. She had always her little joke. There was no Englishman she could not laugh at; but no one ever laughed at her. But, after a hard day at serving, with perhaps washing and house-cleaning thrown in, she would joke less but be more courteous than ever.

She received me as a guest and made profound enquiries. She knew what I liked for supper, and she arranged a chair for me at the round table. My *spécialité* was one of her little jokes, and she introduced me to the company with a gracious hand on my shoulder, "Ce monsieur", said she, "aime beaucoup les petits pains bien cuits". (She spoke always very slowly and articulately.) Whereat everyone laughed, although few knew even enough words to understand her, and my introduction was complete. Many ambulances had come and gone, and always the round table was supplied with hungry men. These present were no exception; careless, youthful, pleasant-faced English boys sat round me showing off their French.

At this table a wit of our ambulance had remarked, "An œuf is as good as a feast"; the conversation had not, even after so many months, risen above that level. Madame and her companions received all who came without question, and all behaved themselves in her parlour.

These ladies and many hundreds of Frenchwomen have adopted the English soldier, and spend their whole life cooking, serving, washing and sewing for him. Many do so as a means of livelihood, but many also for quite unselfish reasons. No one will ever know what gentle *affaires du cœur* have lain hidden among a variety of motives, often perfectly concealed by a frank friendship and concern. Madame herself had had her weakness. The man she ever remembered had been quartered at the convent schools long ago, and in my time I had once translated a miserable scrawl he had sent her. I had found difficulty in rendering in French his opening phrase, "I hope you are in the pink as it leaves me at present", and his letter, one of the few he wrote her, she kept treasured. She often wrote to him with sweetness, wit and piety, and in return he would send a field postcard, or his wife would write a reply in friendly terms. On leaving I took occasion to enquire after this gentleman. Madame stood in shadow at the door. She laid her hand on her heart, and spoke politely but without expression. He had not written anything to her lately, I gathered; she had had a letter from his wife, "une lettre assez complaisante"; evidently he was forgetting.

She bade me farewell at the opened door, and herself gave me instructions how to cross the mud.

O women of France, humble in estate yet proud and mysterious, you who have by nature all the courtesies of the human heart and mind, who seem to leave by comparison only appetites to other races, how long shall we continue lessons first learnt from you? what shall we owe you in the future? You find in the English soldier a true quality of purity, who have taken him to your heart, and are rewarded by "une lettre assez complaisante" from his wife.

Such was Madame H. Do you think, *mon ami*, that in "the far-off winter night" I shall recall for my grandchildren the blood of the wounded, the green buttons of the gas victims, the wide-winged aeroplane, herald of shells? No, I shall have forgotten all but the good Madame H, the mysterious little Marie Joseph, the saintly Sœur Séline.

Marie Joseph was a slim, demure girl, whose head was bent like a nun's, and whose shrine was her father's *estaminet*. But, though she looked always so demure, she could lift her brows and uncurtain her grey eyes suddenly. It was as startling as though she had said: "You think me a child, but really I am older even than you", and then continued to fill very carefully your glass of beer, without spilling a drop. But there had been a sudden change of pitch in common values. Her eyes had shown grave mockery, enquiring, contemplative, kind. From habit she held in her chin: the delicacy of her features was not noticeable at first. She seemed to be able to make herself plain or pretty at will. She could not have been older than seventeen, but her address was perfect. Her unconscious movements were swift as a child's, but she was habitually gentle. She could cross the floor, turn, or stand still suddenly in the centre of the room, more perfectly than the most finished actress. In the day time she braided the hair of innumerable small sisters—mended, cooked, washed for them. But the evening was her time for recreation. She made no difference in her attitude between the boys who filled the *estaminet* and her small sisters, except that the boys amused her more. Apparently the idea of them amused her. She had a dimple each side of her mouth. Her lips would remain demure, but the little shadow each side would deepen and her eyes would betray that she was laughing. She carried the full glasses very carefully, like a child, watching where she was going. "You are ze machine gun boy, n'est ce pas—you go pop pop pop"—and she laughed divinely at one of her favourites—

a red-cheeked youth, who laughed also and said, "Yes, Mary, pop pop bang na pou!" They all treated her in an excellent brotherly fashion, but quite failed to recognise her. Yet she could rebuke them without raising her voice.

What was this Fragonard doing among "Boers drinking"? I asked myself in vain. I would imagine her out of her plain grey dress and in that pretty one the girl wears in "The Music Lesson". I set her in the way of that sweet intoxication proper to her youth and beauty, in a ball room, and watched her choose exactly what partners she wished, or at a château window opening on to steps, a man her match at her side, and a long Louis Quinze window in the gloom behind her. Yet I knew my curiosity was in vain. I could never imagine those profound eyes disturbed; their purity was invincible, their wisdom all sufficing. Like that empress of old, was there no flower the right colour for her hair? Wit, challenge, and the mind of youth, the alchemy of great music, the fine intelligence of sense, was it possible she knew all these things already? Was it possible she had achieved them by some mysterious process here in this *estaminet*, as a great composer cloistered from the world may achieve in music. If not, how was she so calm, so wise? why was the world so obviously to her a dear, familiar, incorrigible phenomenon to be served, yet laughed at, yet loved—at seventeen.

Mystery! She moved before me as completely a mystery as though I had at last seen a ghost. Alas, that she must ever remain so.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

FOILED in my intention of peacefully hearing some peaceful chamber music last Sunday afternoon, I was passing the Albert Hall when the wind began to whistle and to smell ominously of snow. Rather than wait and see whether it would be a blizzard or not, I made for shelter, and in a couple of minutes was comfortably seated in the arena watching in the far, far distance some tiny figures which the programme informed me were Mr. Landon Ronald and the New Symphony Orchestra. Unfortunately I missed Mr. H. C. Tomking's preliminary performance on the organ. I remember him as a brilliant player in his way, and it would certainly have been piquant to hear his selection. Mr. Tomking evidently feels little sympathy for our present-day music, and I fancy he must have seen the names of Jarnafelt, Ethel Smyth, Elgar, and Borodine on the main part of the programme before fixing on his own contributions. H. H. Pierson, a forgotten dullard who flourished from 1816 to 1873, came first with an overture to his oratorio "Jerusalem", produced without any success at a Norwich festival (just like any of our living Academics' works!); then came Sterndale Bennett's *barcarolle*, transcribed, of course, from the piano-concerto; after that "Twilight Music" (shades of early Victorians!) by Mr. J. F. Barnett, born 1837; finally a Handel chorus. Well, I am sorry not to have heard it all: I daresay it made a few amateurs of modern music rub their eyes and ears and wonder where they were.

However, when I arrived people were coming in as to a stately function, a solemn music, a most high and solemn music. I greatly fear that many young gentlemen in khaki were not keenly interested in the matter, and were led an unwilling sacrifice by their entertainers. But, though restive, their conduct was commendably restrained. I was wondering how so small a band would sound in so large a desert, when Jarnafelt's "præludium" began and set my mind somewhat at rest. It rang out clearly. I sat in a spot free of pestilent echoes, and every detail made its effect without blur and confusion; Mr. Landon Ronald has never done anything daintier and cleaner. It does not follow that such a band suffices for everything. On the contrary, the "Entry of the Gods

into Valhalla" was often far too thin: at least double the number of players was demanded. But, again, two movements from Elgar's second symphony were rich and satisfying; I have never heard them sound so well. This, however, by the way. After Jarnafelt we had the overture to the "Boatswain's Mate". That was something of an ordeal. I thought that perhaps Miss Smyth's sea-songs might bring a fresh whiff of the sea into the concert-hall. Alas! German technique hath ruthlessly stamped out anything like atmosphere or native wild beauty. When we come to think of it, is it so strange that the Germans should so light-heartedly have destroyed Reims? They have always believed they could do better in any art than anyone else. Mozart, the gentle Mozart, desecrated Handel's oratorios; Haydn and Beethoven reconstructed Scottish songs (the case of Haydn and Croation folk-tune is different. Haydn was a Croation and handled the tunes naturally, spontaneously and with infallible right feeling); Franz knocked the oratorios of Handel and cantatas of Bach out of any semblance to genuine music; Wagner brazenly stuck selections from "Tristan" and the "Mastersingers" on to the end of one of Gluck's sublimest overtures, the "Iphigenia in Aulide". And all in the interests of German art! Miss Smyth has thoroughly mastered the German trick of crushing the individuality and life out of any wild growth of song; and the result is such a mass of dry ground bones as her overture.

Perhaps the seriousness of the afternoon struck me the more forcibly because it is long since I attended a Sunday concert and longer since I tried one in the Albert Hall. An Albert Hall concert always reminds me of a mixture of a prayer-meeting and a temperance lecture. It is depressing in the last degree; and woe to the man who goes there hoping for the slightest pleasurable thrill, even from one of Handel's fiercest, most pagan oratorios—say, for instance, "Israel in Egypt", or even from Berlioz's "Faust". The other Sunday concerts never weighed heavily on one in this way. On the contrary, in the days when every concert had to be fought for against the powers of evil and darkness, what a joy it was to applaud the "Valkyries' Ride" and the "1812". Since those times Sunday entertainments have firmly established themselves; and for a long time we have accepted it as a matter of course that at the big halls, at South Place, at the various theatres or music halls we should be able to hear almost any music we want to hear and rather more easily than on week-days. Consequently, lazy critics no longer take advantage of them, and only occasionally one by accident finds himself in a once-familiar atmosphere. This affair certainly pleased and stimulated me more than anything I have heard for some weeks. A rendering of Mendelssohn's violin concerto by Mr. Louis Pecskaï passed, one may say, without incident: the gentleman seemed to play well, but how well I should not dare to say. Very often he might have been locked in a padded room a hundred yards away for all I could distinguish of what he was doing; then a few notes rang out clear and forcibly; and then once again all lapsed into muffled indistinction. The desert of Sahara is no place for a solo fiddle. With the selection from Elgar's second symphony the audience at once manifested the true "solema music" spirit. Many had come to enjoy this music, and enjoy it they would or die in the attempt. In a newspaper announcement the first number (the second of the symphony) was described as a Funeral March, and this must have been found a puzzle by many present. The movement is not a march, and it is no more funereal than a dozen other things of Elgar. A note of regret runs through it, and sometimes the note is thundered to the skies and sometimes it is almost confidentially whispered into our ears; but of the pathos and tragedy and grandeur of death we find not one touch. The work is not a new one, and asks for little criticism to-day, but it may be remarked that its principal defect stands out as clearly as ever—the over-elaboration, often not too expensive elaboration, by means of harmony and the orchestra of passages which have already made their

full and proper effect and need be thought no more of. For some years now Sir Edward has allowed the habit to grow upon himself of, in his own way, spinning out his stuff. In his anxiety to write great works he surrenders himself to his facility for writing long ones. Nearly everything he has composed for ten years would be the better if half were cut out and burnt. This is a calm, considered opinion, not an angry outburst against one about whom I entertain no feelings of anger, or, indeed, of anything but admiration. The last movement of the symphony is precisely what it always was: it begins freshly, piquantly, and goes on amiably for some time; then we suddenly discover we are getting no further—and we never do get any further. But Sir Edward cannot leave off, and perhaps some audiences are impressed by his "heavenly length", or, I should say, interminable boredom. The audience at the Albert Hall was impressed by something. It applauded rapturously, then hastily looked for its hat and went out. I wonder how many had been misled by the funeral march announcement. In fact, I wonder how many of the people who listen week by week to elegies, laments, and what not written in connection with the war ever think of the inevitable insincerity of such productions. For let us consider: a man who to-day could feel to the full the vast, immeasurable tragedy being enacted daily on the fields of Europe, who could realise in its completeness the pathos and sadness and shame of thousands of bright lives obliterated in the darkness of the sudden grave—a man who could realise these things to-day, as everyone will realise them ten years hence, would go raving mad when he read to-morrow's news. We are mercifully spared the power of taking in the whole situation, and can get on with our daily tasks. It will be long before men, without being callous, can realise the grandeur of the tragedy, and only when that time comes shall we get any fine work of art—in literature, painting, music, or sculpture—inspired by the war.

After three songs exquisitely sung by Miss Marguerite Nielka, the concert wound up with the "Gods' Entry", but, as I have pointed out, it was not successful.

WAR AND DEATH.

By H. J. MARSHALL.

THE German appears to be not merely without reverence for the past, but also without hope for the future. In his blind rage he has destroyed in the Gothic cathedrals and churches of France and Belgium some of the noblest monuments wrought in stone of man's hope of immortality.

No one can look on these buildings without feeling a sense of the reverence and hope which inspired the great mediæval builders. They are enduring witnesses of the victory of the spiritual over the material, of a faith which triumphs over death. We see the same intense earnest longing for immortality in the many chantry chapels in our own country, where the Mass was constantly offered on behalf of those at rest, and the duty taught of remembrance of the faithful departed.

It is much to be regretted that the Reformers, in their fear of the Roman teaching of purgatory, should have swept away the whole of this beautiful side of Christian teaching, with its two fruitful ideas: the close connection between this life and the next, and the sense of mutual help that the one may still afford the other.

Little that is helpful on this teaching of immortality has come to us since the Reformation until almost within our own lifetime. Maurice, Kingsley, above all Browning—so extraordinarily in advance of his time—revived again the interest in immortality, and made it a "reasonable hope". The hope of immortality to-day is above all reasonable. The idea of a sudden launching of the soul into an eternal doom, or into a sudden splendour of bliss for which it is totally unprepared, has gone from us. Our conception of a

future life is more vague and defined less and less in material terms, and therefore more consonant with what we know. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

Where all is uncertain, "seen in a mirror darkly", we may yet conjecture that life as being closely connected with the present; as close as a flower to the bud. For in thinking of eternity we must take one step at a time, or the mind becomes bewildered, and dwell rather on quality than duration; as we value life not by length of days, but by the height that is reached in the allotted time. Jowett writes in his introduction to the "Phædo": "First of all there is the thought of rest and freedom from pain; they have gone home, as the common saying is, and the cares of this world touch them no more. Secondly, we may imagine them as they were at their best and brightest, humbly fulfilling their daily round of duties—selfless, child-like, unaffected by the world; when the eye was single and the whole body seemed to be full of light; when the mind was clear and saw into the purposes of God. Thirdly, we may think of them as possessed by a great love of God and man, working out His will at a further stage in the divine pilgrimage. And yet we acknowledge that these are the things which eye hath not seen nor ear heard and therefore it hath not entered into the heart of man in any sensible manner to conceive them. Fourthly, there may have been some moments in our own lives when we have risen above ourselves, or been conscious of our truer selves, in which the will of God has superseded our wills. . . . These precious moments, if we have ever known them, are the nearest approach which we can make to the idea of immortality."

We may believe, moreover, that no true link is snapped; our prayers are as valid, as helpful to their welfare now, as agreeable to the Divine Will, as when they were at our side or across the sea, and their prayers may even now be sending us help and strength unsought. Then there is a conception of probation, of growth and development, conceivably through unnumbered ages, under a rule of Perfect Wisdom, Perfect Love: which begins with a holiness which Myers defines as "a joy too high as yet for our enjoyment, a wisdom just beyond our learning, a rapture of love which we still strive to attain". This life is realised to be a kind of apprenticeship:

"Here work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's
true play."

To Plato immortality was a continuous growth in knowledge through successive lives until the goal is attained. In the "Phædo" he writes: "The soul takes nothing with her . . . except her education."

Since St. Paul and Plato both agree that it is the invisible which alone is real, and the visible—all we see or touch—shall change and pass away, for them earth is the dream, heaven alone the reality:

"All we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed of
good shall exist,
Not its semblance, but itself."

So, when we think of the men who have gone from us, it is no longer the features we loved, or the hands we clasped, that we think of now, but of their dauntless souls, their hope and faith that never wavered, their courage that at the last supreme moment conquered death. To such we may apply Pompilia's words:

"Through such souls alone,
God stooping, shows sufficient of His light
For us! the dark to rise by. And I rise."

Thus death becomes a passing from a world of shadows to the supreme reality. I am not sure that Browning would strictly hold that—

"Life, with all it yields of joy and woe,
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love—
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is."

But, rather, as Plato teaches us, and Plotinus, and St.

Augustine after him, that there is a ladder or ascent of the soul in love as in all beautiful, eternal things, passing from bodily to spiritual, and from spiritual to Divine, where alone we possess it in its reality. So that if we were asked, Shall we possess those we love again? we might answer, Not as on earth, but infinitely more. With Plato the soul is ever passionately striving towards perfection, as an object of ceaseless aspiration and desire. Diotima says in the Symposium: "He who has been thus far instructed in Love's mysteries . . . on approaching the end of his initiation, will suddenly descry a wondrous Beauty, even that for the sake of which all his former toils were undertaken . . . ever-existent, uncreated, imperishable, knowing neither increase nor decay . . . in this communion only will it be possible for a man, beholding the Beautiful . . . to beget, not images of virtue, but the realities . . . and, having begotten and nourished true virtue, to become a friend of God and attain to immortality, if ever mortal has attained." Here, in the divine element in man, for Plato, lay the real ground for hope: "We are an heavenly, not an earthly plant." For of proof there is none.

It rests finally on our faith in God and God's goodness. "If", writes Myers, "death be really a sheer truncation of moral progress, absolute alike for the individual and for the race, then any human conception of a moral universe must be given up. We are shut in land-locked pools; why speak to us of an infinite sea"? It seems to come by intuition rather than by reason—to be spiritually rather than mentally discerned. "It came to me", says Socrates, "apart from demonstration, with a kind of likelihood or fitness". And, commenting on these words, Pater adds: "It is one of those convictions which await stronger, better arguments than are forthcoming, but will wait for them with unfailing patience". Still we may believe there is good ground for the words of one of the Cairds to his brother: "Immortality! If not, something better, if better there can be". It is a hope that has been held for immemorial years by the best and wisest of our race, which has given life its surpassing value, which solves all life's riddles and opens all its treasure houses. It rests finally on the words of One, and they are few words and carefully chosen, and say little. What evidence have we that shall give those words so great a value as to hold up alone this tremendous weight of a world's hope?

It would seem that the Divine Providence has willed that man's last act on earth, the surrendering of his soul into the hands of its Maker, shall, alike for the wisest and most ignorant, for the strong and the weak, be an act of childlike trust.

It seems almost strange to us that, with so many passing hence, in the fullness of their powers and strong love of life, none should have been permitted to send back any message of comfort or of hope. That all is well with them we are assured. "Even now", we may believe with Myers, "our loving memory—love is itself a prayer—supports and strengthens those delivered souls upon their upward way". And since, to quote him once more, "it is the soul in man which links him to other souls, the body which dissevers even when it seems to unite", we are not severed from them even now. Never again in our generation can that strange old fear of death affright us, like some surviving bogey of our childhood. We shall learn to greet him as a friend of our friends.

ENGLAND UNDER THE GERMANS.*

MR. IAN COLVIN'S name is known rather well to some of us who like the wit and sparkle of the "Morning Post" leaders; and who desiderate an outright policy of offensive against the hateful German.

The motive of his book is as happy as its execution is brilliant and stimulating. It makes a topic of history which Englishmen know almost nothing

*"The Germans in England." By Ian D. Colvin. National Review Office.

about serve for an example for to-day, when they are once more threatened by the German power, if they are to preserve their existence, their liberty, and their prosperity. We have beaten Germany once, says Mr. Colvin, and we can beat her twice if we will do what our forefathers did and encounter the same danger with the same weapons. Why should we allow the Germans, he asks, a superiority in organisation when it is matter of history that English organisation has on a memorable occasion beaten German organisation? This book answers the question by telling the story of the relations of England for centuries with the great North German power, the Hanseatic League, which dominated the lands of the Baltic over which Prussia now arrogantly spreads herself. Perhaps a sentence from Mr. Colvin's book will denote the fascination of the subject and startle the attention of otherwise indifferent Englishmen. They know something and have some imagination about the Armada, and so Mr. Colvin puts his point thus to arouse their memories: "Elizabeth's eternal fame is that she defeated the Armada; but I imagine that in her own time she was loved even more because she drove out the Germans. It is a side of her policy which has been strangely overlooked by the historian. Froude has nothing at all to say on the subject. But it is, nevertheless, true that she fought as great and as victorious a fight with the Germans as with Spain."

It is possible that Mr. Colvin throughout his book may be inclined to make rather too prominent the struggle for commercial supremacy, as well during the Angevin, Plantagenet, and the Lancaster and York Civil War as the Tudor period; but he undoubtedly gives chapter and verse for his thesis throughout. If our English historians have failed to grasp the significance of the trade struggle at some of the most critical periods of English history, the German historians have not been so obtuse, nor too dignified to meddle with "trade squabbles". There is a great German literature on the history of the Hansa, and Mr. Colvin finds in Pauli and Sartorius and Lappenberg and other German historians, who have not been translated into English, ample material for the centuries during which the Germans, in their headquarters in London, the famous Steelyard, were exploiting the Sovereigns and the people of England for the power and profit of Germany. When Elizabeth came to the throne the privileges of the Steelyard had been curtailed by Henry VII., and she, the daughter of Anne Boleyn, who was the descendant of one of the Merchant Adventurers, that is a member of that society of English merchants of the towns that organised themselves to fight the Germans, became the patriotic Queen of the English party, the party of protection for English trade against the privileged German traders of the Steelyard. It was on her accession that the great merchant, Thomas Gresham, advised her concerning "the great freedom of the Steelyard and granting of licence for the carrying of your wool and other commodities out of your realm, which is now one of the chief points that your Majesty hath to foresee in this your Commonweal; that you never restore the 'Steydes (the towns) called the Stillyarde' again to their privilege, which hath been the chiefest point of the undoing of your realm and the merchants of the same."

For several centuries Germany, represented by the Hanseatic League, sought to make the Baltic a German sea and to exclude the English from trade in Germany, Flanders, and Russia. Constant sea battles, often indeed mere piracy between their ships and the English, were the incidents of the struggle; but the Tudors created a Navy and Elizabeth and the Merchant Adventurers broke down the monopoly of the Germans. The position was for the German North, Protestant though and the last stroke in their despair to recover their position was for the German North, Protestant though it was, to finance the Armada of Philip and to supply him with ships and men for the invasion and conquest of England.

This is perhaps the most startling of the many proofs which Mr. Colvin adduces of the age-long policy of

Germany to make England her trade vassal. It is hardly less startling to learn that during the Wars of the Roses and the reign of Henry VII. Germany supported Lancastrian or Yorkist for their own purposes, and put forward Perkin Warbeck as a Pretender to the English Crown, in order to maintain or extend their trade privileges in England at the Steelyard. Mr. Colvin puts Simon de Montfort and Warwick in a new light when he tells us that both were the leaders of the anti-foreign and especially of the anti-German party in England and that both were defeated by means of the League of the Hansa. Mr. Colvin quotes Pauli as to the House of York: "When Edward IV. was driven out, the Hanseatic League had to decide whether Henry VI. should keep the throne or lose it again. They helped the Germanic element to victory. If Henry VI. had succeeded in retaining the crown the sea power yielded by the German merchant would have gone to Rome. . . . Thus the Germans freed themselves from a very serious danger and at the same time forced the King under an obligation to the Hanse." Mr. Colvin seems amply justified in commenting:—"In the opinion, then, of one of the greatest of German historians, at this crisis in English history an English King was a mere puppet in German hands, and the Wars of the Roses were part of the conflict for German commercial supremacy in England."

But all this was over when the Armada was defeated. The Steelyard was, after centuries, seized, the Germans evicted, their privileges confiscated, and their stronghold turned into a British Navy yard, an apt symbol of the change. England became free to pursue the policy of protection of her own trade interests, which continued to be her policy during the building up of her Empire and her commercial supremacy. The Merchant Adventurers organised English trade on the lines of the Hanseatic League itself, and their organisation beat the rival organisation of the Hanse. They were supported by the Queen, and they made her independent of the loans by which the Germans had bought English kings to the betrayal of English interests. The "peaceful penetration" of England had been accomplished with all the cunning and fraud and brutality of which the Germans of those days—and of ours—were masters. An old writer said: "The Hamburger has no mercy when he has anyone in his power"; and the Hanseatic League showed no mercy in its exploitation of England. In the course of time, by changes in the trade routes, which began in the reign of the first of the Tudors, the Hanseatic League disappeared; but the German peril to England now comes to a new incarnation in the German Empire. It is the more dangerous as it is more powerful than the German league of the Hanse in Tudor times. The German Empire of that period, of Maximilian the Holy Roman Emperor, was powerless and anarchical, with its central authority, the Emperor, paralysed; the Hanseatic League was no more than a league of cities originally combined for protection against a feudal nobility more powerful than the Emperor. Moreover, England at that time was an efficient, strong, centralised monarchy. By the time of the Tudors the Hanseatic League had lost much of its terrors. They were more dreaded in earlier days when England was dependent on the League for conveying her wool, then her main foreign traffic, to Flanders and Germany, and when England had little shipping of her own, and had not yet learned the art of weaving cloth for herself and the Continent. Yet, notwithstanding these differences between the position of Tudor England and the League, and that of England threatened by the German Empire of the twentieth century, how strange is this recurrence of the German peril! And how remarkable that Mr. Colvin should find a parallel in the circumstances and the personalities of the two epochs, otherwise so far dissimilar. Once the sea power of England, he says, broke Germany, and it must break Germany again. Besides, there is the vital question—what is to be the national trade policy after the war, and how shall Germany be prevented from renewing her schemes of industrial triumph over England? We shall have to

do it by devising, as Elizabeth did, a national trade policy. What was our condition before the war? Mr. Colvin answers: "Germany was regaining the position she once held in the days of the Hanseatic League. Her financiers and her bankers were in the councils of our Government and financed our politicians. We might compare the policy of the late Government with the policy of Henry III. and Henry VI. Joseph Chamberlain, like Warwick, died in a vain attempt to fortify England against the German danger; and Lord Roberts fell, like De Montfort, in the field against the German power. The Hague Conventions and the Declaration of London were a betrayal of the sea power of England no less shameful than the Treaty of Utrecht (the reference is to an earlier one than that of the reign of Queen Anne). Like Richard II. the late Government drifted into war without knowing the German power; and, as in the time of Richard II., there are two forces in England, one working for national ends, the other for German interests." Mr. Colvin's book is not written, it will be seen, in the academic tone of a University prize essay, but in a spirit of fervid patriotism; and not merely to afford information about a little known but interesting chapter of English history, but to convey lessons of warning, instruction, example, encouragement, and reproof to the statesmen and people of the Empire now confronted with a German danger more formidable than the ancient one they formerly circumvented.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DANGEROUS GROUPS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

6 March.

SIR,—You are quite right in calling attention to a certain group of journalists and University men, dabbling in literature and politics, who are secretly mischief-making, and a more dangerous group than the openly pronounced pro-German and Pacifist section.

But it is not only at home that these people, who have found their way into several important Government departments, especially such as have been established for the duration of the war, are showing the said activity.

They have unfortunately extended their propaganda to foreign countries and the foreign Press, allied or neutral.

Articles and pamphlets are sent abroad, dealing only with the Prussian spirit, as if this could be separated from that of Germany itself, or as if the one could be destroyed and the other become "liberated" in consequence of the downfall of Prussia and the Hohenzollerns!

Now they are even going one better—viz., sending their emissaries abroad to spread false notions about the spirit of England now and after the war, though such notions are only held by a despicable minority of Britons. They led people abroad to believe that Britain was not going to fight, and now they are striving to make it appear that Germany is not intended by the British Government to be a fourth-rate State in future—in short, that pre-war conditions will be re-established with insignificant exceptions. Stop them!

Yours, etc.,

A FOREIGNER.

REPRISALS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Another and yet another air raid on our open towns and villages and non-combatants, of whom many men, women, and little children were sacrificed to the blood lust of the brutal and never-to-be-forgotten Kaiser and his Huns. No doubt these raids will be repeated so long as the Germans find that they are in a position to commit murder without fear of punishment, as at present. No doubt we shall hear the usual complacent pratings in Parliament to the effect that no

military damage has been done; and it is probable that the slaughter of the innocents will not be considered worthy of even a word of commiseration and regret.

The people are nauseated with the bragging of former Cabinet Ministers as to the fate that would befall Zeppelins if they ventured here owing to the formidable preparations made to receive them; but they come and they go at their pleasure, and the boasted means of dealing with them turn out to be pure parliamentary brag and bluff, without any foundation of reality. There appears to be but one way of stopping these raids, and that is of giving the Germans as good as they give us; that is the only doctrine that they understand. Our French Allies, to fight side by side with whom we are so proud, have adopted measures of reprisals with much success, and it is in the highest degree insulting to them, besides being unworthy in the extreme, to term these reprisals "deeds of infamy", as has been done. Even the brute creation, down almost to protoplasms, instinctively defend their females and young, by any means in their power; but there are those among us who appear to prefer the safety of German families to that of their own people, and who, like the Lord Chancellor, the Bishops, with one honourable exception, and others misjudge and distort the motives which impel the majority of the public to urge the adoption of what are misnamed reprisals for air raids. No one that I have heard on the subject advocates them with a view to mere revenge or for the purpose of killing non-combatants.

But we hold that the German, having thrown to the winds all the laws of God and man, and purposing—as he threatens—to carry out far greater raids by Zeppelins than heretofore, and thereby to slaughter multitudes more of our defenceless women and little children, would pause if he felt certain that condign punishment for his dastardly murders would come. We are bound by all that is sacred to do all and everything in our power to protect our non-combatants from murder coming through the air. The writer of an article in an evening newspaper actually went so far as to assert that those who advocated reprisals did so because they are cowards and fear the coming of Zeppelins on their own account. Could anyone go lower in argument than this? A lady, well known, wrote a letter to the same paper, in which she somewhat hysterically asserted that we ought to be proud of suffering from Zeppelins and sharing the dangers of war with our heroic soldiers in the trenches. Does she, and those who think with her, suppose that it is any encouragement to the former to feel that, while they are fighting the Huns face to face, those that are dear to them at home are being slaughtered by German murderers, who work their wicked will with total impunity? No one who has read the report of the debate in the House of Commons on the subject can feel in the least confident and happy. There may be no means to carry out reprisals, the late Government may have, as is often stated, neglected the air defences of the country, as it neglected to make any adequate preparations for the war; but if there are means at disposal, let German towns within reach, such as Cologne, Coblenz, Bonn, Rastatt, Carlsruhe, be raided by aircraft, to follow every raid by Zeppelins on us and our Allies. Let the Germans know that such return visits will be paid inexorably, and they will think twice before they venture so to attack. The German people, quite distinct from those who actually carry out the raids, are equally guilty, for whenever any of our women and children are murdered a howl of exultation goes up throughout Germany and Austria.

The German values his home and his family quite as much as we do our own, although he delights in destroying those of others; at present he feels himself to be in the, to him, eminently satisfactory position of a murderer who knows he can commit murder without any results painful or disagreeable to himself.

Every sensible man will agree with your correspondent, Mr. Wilson Noble, that when we are fighting

savages like the Germans it is impossible to conduct war on the same lines as we should against a more civilised nation. We were not blamed by any reasonable people because we had to exceed the limits of civilised warfare with Zulus and Dervishes, and they were not one jot more brutal than the Germans have shown themselves to be, while they were incomparably less bestial.

Your obedient servant,

ALFRED E. TURNER.

LIBERTY AND LICENCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

94, Park Street, Grosvenor Square, W.,

10 February 1916.

SIR,—There is undoubtedly growing up in this country a strong feeling that the days of party politics as we have been accustomed to them in the past are very nearly, if not quite, ended. The shock of the war has disturbed things so much that nothing will be quite the same as before, at all events from the political standpoint. It will be a long time before the mob orator will dangle before his audience the rare and refreshing fairy fruit of Utopia as a possible daily diet for the democratic voter. The hideous reality of war is a grim and relentless teacher whose lessons will not be forgotten by the rising generation. Golden dreams and brilliant promises are excellent, but when they end in steel and blood the most ardent enthusiast is apt to be somewhat chilled. It is absolutely certain, therefore, that in future the average voter will not be so easily swayed by passionate harangues and plausible smooth-tongued sophisms, but will demand facts, deductions and reasons. What profits it to have individual liberty in a State that is liable to subjection by a conqueror? Questions of this nature are now cropping up in the mind of the most apathetic and gullible voter, and, what is more, will have to be answered fairly and squarely by the professional politician. The Navy, however powerful, cannot protect the country from invasion by air; consequently there will be formed an aerial navy sufficiently strong to guard against a hostile fleet. This fact in itself will completely revolutionise our former habits of thought as an insular nation, even if we should be inclined to forget the need of land operations on foreign soil.

What it really amounts to is that this country must literally wake up once for all and begin to think on other lines for the future. The first and greatest desideratum is to draw a sharp and clear line between liberty and licence. Each nation works out its own characteristics in practical politics, exemplifying the truth of the saying that it gets the government which it deserves. Thus the German national ideal of government is entirely different from the English national ideal. In Germany the individual counts only as a particular unit of the State. Here the individual is practically an end in himself and a law to himself, with the State more or less of an adjunct which has to be put up with for reasons sometimes agreeable and sometimes disagreeable. Unquestionably there is more real individual liberty in Britain than in any other country on this earth. The German methods of government would not be tolerated one day here. In other words, the great end of individual liberty has been attained by the British citizen. The next step in politics is to draw the line between liberty and licence in order to guard against the Nemesis which attends all mortal affairs, high and low, individual and collective.

While liberty, so far as the individual citizen is concerned, is an end in itself and productive of good so long as it is confined to its proper sphere of individual freedom, it becomes an evil and causes disruption and decadence both to the individual and to the State if it passes beyond a certain point. Then it becomes not liberty but licence and anarchy, subversive of all law, all progress, and all justice. This country was

overstepping the balance of liberty when the Great War broke out. Liberty had run riot for years, and the State had become impotent to prevent industrial strife and the physical violence of the woman suffrage movement and other political ideals. In short, liberty had become licence accompanied by its inevitable Nemesis of disruption, and possible civil war. Can any thoughtful person contemplate without shuddering the actual condition of the Irish question a few days before the breaking out of the European tempest? There is no use whatever in forgetting these things, for, seen in proper perspective, they are natural effects of causes which were in operation for some time, and teach invaluable lessons which must be taken to heart and never forgotten in the future.

This country must draw the line sharply between the individual liberty which is good and the individual licence which is nothing but evil, and can bring in its train only evil and ruin to the individual and to the State. The British Empire is to-day paying dearly in blood and treasure for its failure to discriminate between liberty and licence. Though the politicians are directly responsible through their utter failure to read the signs of the coming war—signs which he who ran could easily read—the country as a whole is to blame ultimately through its inability to perceive the Nemesis that has always dogged the footsteps of licence. Whatever changes the war may bring, human nature will remain the same in the great essentials of life. What man can only do is to profit by bitter experience and impress upon the mind the necessity of guarding against possible evils, so as not to be caught unprepared in an emergency. The State that leaves out of account preparation against hostile attack from without is as blind to the meaning of liberty as the individual citizen who shirks the duty of defending his country under the plea that he dislikes compulsory training. A weak government encourages licence within and provokes external attack, and in the end defeats its own ends—individual liberty and security against enemies.

The party politician has done useful work. But he must not be made a fetish, and the hour of his departure from national life has undeniably struck. The immense questions that confront the Empire in the immediate future will not brook delay. They will require strong, skilful, and perhaps ruthless handling. The present political machinery will have to be repaired and renewed if it is to hold out even a reasonable prospect of coping with the national need. While the British Empire may claim to have grown of its own accord and to have evolved naturally to its present stage, it is certain that in the existing condition of world politics it demands scientific statesmanship to keep it intact. This implies a thorough grasp of the difference between liberty and licence, between necessary and wise expenditure of time and energy on the one hand, and fatal waste of time and energy on the other hand in petty squabbles, parochial discussions, and acrimonious personalities.

Yours, etc.,

ARTHUR LOVELL.

THE KAISER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Norwich, 6 March 1916.

SIR,—Your paper is always a joy to me, and its fair statement of events a perpetual consolation in these days of exaggeration and pessimism. But is not the constant expression of hatred towards the German Emperor becoming a little unworthy of your paper? Does it not savour in a small degree of the style "Gott strafe England"? We can afford to be amused at the constant iteration of such ill temper in Germans, who are, alas! so absolutely without a sense of humour. But to imitate their unreasoning and childish hate seems to me undignified and wanting in all sense of judgment and good taste. The expression of such dislike does not reach the man for whom it is intended,

and one wonders who is benefited by it. Eventually we must still live with the Germans and (unless his own malevolent fury is the death of him) with the Emperor; therefore, had we not better curb our language as gentlemen and Christians?

Yours etc.,
M. B.

ALL'S WELL WITH THE FLEET.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The Navy is scarcely ever mentioned in a public and general way except when the Estimates come up for debate in the House of Commons; and these occasions are possibly best regarded as opportunities to express gratitude and confidence in our sailors. It is well to be thus reminded of the men who are keeping our shores. The Fleet, being as necessary to mere life as light and air, we cannot always be conscious of its presence. It is not possible to exclaim with every indrawn breath that without oxygen we perish. We cannot continually be praising the firmament for bringing it to our lungs without stint. This applies equally to the Fleet, which is, as utterly as air in the lungs or light in the eyes, the vital and continuous principle of our existence.

May we hope that the last has now been heard of 17-inch guns and fearful conjectures as to what the Germans are doing behind the Keil Canal?

The naval debate this week should put an end to the increasing disposition of certain people, who, because they cannot see the new ships or hear the new guns of the British Fleet, and because the Navy's work is done without murmur or fuss, are inclined to wonder anxiously and painfully as to what is being achieved, or not achieved, by the Admiralty. Mr. Balfour's assurances may be accepted without reserve. The Fleet is stronger to-day than it was upon the day when war broke out, and when the German Fleet accepted its inferiority. The public will readily believe this, because it thoroughly realises the curious position, as regards publicity and advertisement, in which the British Navy is placed. It is a singularity of the work of the Navy that it only comes into the Press when something goes wrong. For weeks we hear nothing at all of its skilful and vigilant operations. Then a ship is lost or damaged; a brief notice is published by the Admiralty, and then the veil is again drawn, behind which upon every day of the year its perpetual problems and perils are successfully encountered. The British Fleet is one of the greatest weapons of war yet forged in history, and it obeys the first rules of war. Its operations are silent and secret.

The few glimpses we catch now and then of the Grand Fleet are very precious, and this gives to an event of the last few days a high interest. Some distinguished Russians have visited the Grand Fleet, and the visit has been described by the veteran war correspondent, Vasily Nemirovitch-Dantchenko. Throughout their journey they were the honoured guests of the nation, and Admiral Jellicoe at the lunch spoke to them of Britain's gratitude towards Russia who had "saved the Allies". While he was proposing the health of his guests he made reference to the possibility of joint action between his own ships and the Russian Navy.

Early one morning the fastest of our destroyers took our Russian friends to a bay where they could see from afar the Grand Fleet framed in a landscape of snow-laden hills. Many sorts of auxiliary vessels dotted the waters; a flotilla of mine-sweepers hurried out towards the North Sea; destroyers were very busy; and presently M. Nemirovitch-Dantchenko was in the thick of the Dreadnoughts, gazing spellbound at their

frowning turrets and their huge guns. They "seemed to eat up the horizon".

Then a couple of light cruisers quietly slipped their moorings and raced forward to give a display of gun practice. As soon as they had reached their top speed they began to pour out a stream of shells at the distant targets. "The shells hurtled through the air, and soon the waters around the targets were splashed with columns of snow-white foam till the targets themselves suffered." Later four destroyers, "like great steel falcons swooping on their prey, appeared intent on torpedoing a fancied enemy. Faster and faster they sped towards the mark, their glistening hulls obscured in clouds of spray. Snake-like they turned and twisted, preparing to surround and attack their foe from all sides. But faster still twisted our destroyers, easily overhauling the attackers and enabling us to follow every movement."

Here are pictures which well may reassure the doubters.

I am, Yours, etc.,
A. B.

THE UNITED STATES AND BELGIUM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hotel Gallia, Monte Carlo,

17 February 1916.

SIR,—I quite endorse in their general tenour your remarks on "the American Point of View again" in your issue of 12 February. I meet everywhere Englishmen and Frenchmen who either nurse the delusion that America will shortly join the Allies or abuse her in unmeasured language for not having done so long ago. Your cold douche is salutary, for we are not going to save our skins by entertaining illusions. May I endorse your conclusions by adducing one or two further considerations? You write thus:

"The section of the American public which regards the War as a crusade against a Government responsible for the sack of Louvain, the sinking of the 'Lusitania', and the Zeppelin raids upon England is not by any means a majority."

It may do credit to the American heart, but not to the American intelligence, if such a section exists at all. For mark the dates. We declared war on Germany on 4 August 1914, or according to the writers of the "Candid Quarterly" on 2 August of that year. The outrages you enumerate cannot have figured among our motives for going to war, because they were all subsequent.

In the sequel you rightly deny that, whatever President Wilson may say, Americans in their views of foreign policy are moved by mere "idealism", of a kind to launch them on "crusades" of a "Don Quixote" type. I hope we were not ourselves so moved, for Don Quixote tilted against windmills. In regard to Belgium, for example, let us ask ourselves whether we should have promptly declared war on that country's invaders if it had lain where Sweden or Sicily or Greece lie. We declared war, of course, because, as Lord Kitchener remarked beforehand, the Belgian frontier towards Germany is a frontier of the British Empire; and so with regard to France. The obligation "of honour" to support France unconditionally, signed by Sir E. Grey in November 1912, was not dictated by our sentiments (which only ten years before were unfriendly), but by our interests, by a notion (whether right or wrong I need not now discuss) that we must not let one European Power get too much ahead of the rest. The late Mr. W. E. Gladstone—a pacifist, if ever there was one—on 8 August 1870 did not forget to accompany his flight of eloquence in behalf of Belgium with a very practical "further consideration, the force of which we must all feel most deeply, and that is, the common interests against the unmeasured aggrandisement of any Power whatever". Let those who imagine that we went to war merely as crusaders read President Poincaré's letter to King George of 31 July 1914. It ends thus: "I beg that

your Majesty will excuse a step which is only inspired by the hope of seeing the European balance of power definitely reaffirmed." That was also the motive of France.

I am, etc.,

FRED C. CONYBEARE.

[Mr. F. C. Conybeare's observations on Belgium, and on the obligations of honour which compelled Great Britain to declare war on Germany, might have been addressed to the "Daily News" or the "Manchester Guardian" rather than to the SATURDAY REVIEW; for, unless memory plays us false, those journals were not, early in August 1914, in favour of Great Britain joining France and Belgium. The SATURDAY REVIEW took, from the first, the diametrically opposite view. Had Great Britain shied away from her obligations, she would have been, in our view, disgraced for ever, and she would, sooner or later, have gone under—and have richly deserved to go under. As for the approval which Mr. F. C. Conybeare offers us, in regard to what we have printed on the American attitude, we must, at the risk of appearing ungracious to him, decline it with thanks. Mr. Conybeare is an old Parliamentary hand, but he has not read the SATURDAY REVIEW on this subject with discretion.—ED. "S. R."]

INERTIA AT THE DARDANELLES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Salonica Force.

SIR,—The frequent use of the word *inertia* in Sir Ian Hamilton's despatch on the Suvla Bay disaster caused some little comment in a few of the London weeklies. He attributes the failure of the troops there to the lack of this peculiar force, but to my mind, who have been through it, the unsuccess of the expedition was largely due to *too much inertia*. Every student of the law of physics knows that the jolt he receives in a railway carriage when the train stops at a station, and the fall backward which he narrowly escapes while strap-hanging in a 'bus as the vehicle starts, is the best illustration he can give of this force. Now, such two jolts we received at Suvla Bay. After a successful landing we were urged forward and had just gathered *impetus* (no comment, please) for a final dash to our goal when we were suddenly checked by someone who was not a Turk, and thus the first jolt was received, that which you experience in a railway carriage. Jolt number two was caused by the machinery being put in motion at an inopportune moment, when we had not a grip of the strap, and we never regained our equilibrium.

I am not criticising the accuracy of Sir Ian's despatch, for whom I have great respect as a soldier and a poet, but the word *inertia* does not appear to me to illustrate his meaning, and I fear it may become a common misuse in our speech, like the many "awful nice" adjectives we sometimes lament.

Yours faithfully,

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE.

BY THE TRENCHES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

France,

2 February.

SIR,—Spring is coming on here with alarming rapidity. I saw a yellow crocus out yesterday on a grave. Perhaps this is not exceptional, but in the garden of a farm up near the trenches there is a clump of daffodils ready to burst into flower. I have dropped in there three times to see how they are getting on. Now the birds are getting at them—the little villains! The weather has been kind to us for some time, and the trenches are quite decent; but no doubt we shall have another spell of rain and perhaps some hard weather, neither of which I should regret, for we are bound to have had weather sooner or later; but the back of the winter is broken.

AN OFFICER AT THE FRONT.

REVIEWS.

BACK TO EDEN.

"In a College Garden." By Viscountess Wolsley. Murray. 6s. net.

[Published this week.]

MILTON was not far wrong in ascribing to the first man a natural love of horticulture. He was only following an ancient text when he enclosed our first paradise in a garden and pictured its inmates as enthusiastic and happy gardeners. The fall of Adam, upon its earthly side, amounts to no more than this: that from being a gardener for fun he sank into the condition of being an agricultural labourer for daily bread. Doubtless if we were to look at all closely into the origins of the eighteenth-century picture of man "fleeing time carelessly as in the golden world", we should find at its source this old feeling that happiness is the flower of a good soil, and an abundant harvest, and, at its purest and best, is to be found somewhere enclosed in a pleasant garden. What would have become of our eclogues and pastorals had not poets of every age been able to assume that all people have somewhere hidden about them the impulse to hark back to Eden?

The primitive love for a garden takes many different forms. Old gentlemen who have never handled a spade, and would have to guess at the definition of "herbaceous border", are reverting unconsciously to Eden when they quote Theocritus or Vergil, enjoy the "Shepherd's Calendar" of Spenser, or vote on the local council for an extension of the local park. Milton reverts in "Comus" and "L'Allegro", even though he does confound the seasons and clearly knows very little about flowers wild or tame. All the poets revert, though few attain to the "streaked gillyvors" of Shakespeare or to Wordsworth's "Celandine". The reversion is more practical when the tired clerk encourages scarlet runners to cover an urban paling or plants three square feet of earth with calceolarias. You may drive Nature out with a pitchfork, but in this case she returns with a trowel. These, however, are but thwarted half-returns. For the return genuine and complete we may open and read this fragrant and affectionate book of Lady Wolsley. It distils for us page by page the quiet, full passion of the garden—a garden won from the chalk and the fury of storms by hard toil and careful thought, but yielding at last a scented harvest of lavender, apples, and all that the mind likes best to dwell upon. Glynde, where Lady Wolsley's College of Gardening has rooted itself, is within breath of the seas, and was once a spot, like the spot where the unhappy wight met La Belle Dame Sans Merci, for no birds sang. But Glynde to-day is a happy colony of young women emparadised in a garden which, by virtue of this book, we can all come to know and delight in. The bare fields have yielded to the rose; the storms have been overcome; the birds have been invited thither, with trees and shade; and each year passes in a labour upon the earth which takes no count of weariness or time.

But it is not Lady Wolsley's immediate purpose to share with us the scents and sights of her garden and to bring fresh air and fragrance into the library—to annihilate all that's made "To a green thought in a green shade". These pleasures come to us by the way. Lady Wolsley has a serious purpose in writing this book. She has made a success of her experiment of a College of Gardening for Women, and she desires to sum up its results and to urge upon women the importance of acquiring a serious interest in the intensive cultivation of the land. Lady Wolsley has no illusions as to the land. She knows that skill, industry and enthusiasm in abundance are required, and that these qualities have also to be supplemented by co-operative organisation in the carriage and sale of produce. Her book is a serious contribution to an important problem, as well as being, for the general reader, a book of the pleasant garden, a book to refresh all those who have ever cast a seed and waited for the flower.

FOR THE TRENCH-STARVERS.

"Ordeal by Battle." Abridged Edition. By F. S. Oliver. Macmillan. 1s. net.

[Published this week.]

MR. Oliver will not take it in ill part if, in welcoming the new edition of his book—the most successful book published since 4 August 1914—we say that not the least valuable pages are 261 and 262 in "Methods of Recruiting". They contain, as a footnote, the tartest and most stinging true letter on the so-called voluntary system and on obligatory service printed in the Press from the start of the war to the passing through Parliament of the Military Service Bill. The letter was signed Walter Shaw Sparrow, and we well remember reading it with joy in the "Westminster Gazette" of 20 January 1915. At that time the sepulchres of the Voluntary System, Sir, were very whited indeed; and the Scribes and Pharisees of National Unity wore their phylacteries enlarged. Humbug stalked triumphant, and of National Service it might have been truly said by the fashionable patriots of the time—

"O, no, we never mention it,
Its name is never heard,
Our lips must now forget to speak
That once familiar word".

Of those Scribes and Pharisees not one, so far as we have observed, who has since caved in has had the manhood or the common decency to admit openly, "I was all wrong, and by my opposition to what I named 'Conscription' (in order to make it stink) I helped the enemy and hurt the men in the trenches and added thereby to the casualty list". All they have done has been to sneak out of their shrieking anti-Conscription campaign as unobserved as possible and edge their way gingerly into the opposite camp, using when challenged the euphemism "expediency" as a pass-word; and at the first safe opportunity—we would like to warn the country—they will sneak back again to their old camp with some such miserable excuse. Trust no ex-trench-starver unless he has owned up like a clean man; he will rat again to a certainty.

And in those days the few of us who ventured to state the case for a fair and general Act were often roundly abused, and, at the best, regarded with cold, forbidding looks. We were advised to shut up, and leave it to our pastors and masters; or were taunted as mean politicians out for party gain and greed, as trucklers to the capitalist class, and as would-be breakers of the National Unity. Angry anonymous letters from the charming No-Conscription brotherhood, and still more savage anonymous postcards came to us in little batches at times. We were accused of wanting to conscript an army of penny-a-day soldiers, of proposing to tear away the widow's only son, and of a horrible plot for sacrificing the youth of a liberty-loving country on an altar of blood. On and off through the autumn and early winter of 1914 we were thus rebuked and threatened—threatened with suppression by No-Conscription intriguers and backbiters. The writer of this notice received very many angry letters and postcards on the subject between October 1914 and the summer of 1915, some signed, some anonymous, but he is rather glad to recall the fact that only one of these letters—and that a signed and clean one—came from a soldier—a territorial who protested, but protested like a man. All the rest were not soldiers.

It was not until January 1915 that here and there the editor of a No-Conscription paper allowed a correspondent to point out that the Voluntary System was not feeling quite well. For some reason Mr. Shaw Sparrow was allowed to approach and have his throw against "the free and spontaneous uprising of a people" in Mr. Spender's well-protected trench, and he succeeded in landing a bomb plump in the middle of the surprised platoon. No intellectual shot was ever aimed truer, and everybody who witnessed the incident and cares for good sport must have rejoiced. Mr. Oliver has abridged his volume, but, wisely, he has not abridged that little literary bomb.

We have refreshed our memory, and find the letter as strong and good as we found it at the time. But it is too excellent to be spoilt by partial quotation: we advise people to buy this new edition of the "Ordeal by Battle", and therein read Mr. Shaw Sparrow's letter on Voluntaryism in full. It smites the trench-starvers without sparing.

We hope that Mr. Oliver's book, which has gone into its twenty-sixth thousand, will go into its fifty-second. It is good tonic, and everyone who has an ailing half-fighter, pacific-militarist, or conscientious objector in his family circle ought to invest a shilling on the "Ordeal by Battle" and give it to the patient for a birthday present.

"AND MY DELIGHTS WERE WITH THE SONS OF MEN."

"Leaves from a Field Note-Book." By J. H. Morgan. Macmillan. 5s. net.

THE field note-book and its detached leaves play a fine part in these very memorable pictures of the war, but not so fine as that which is played by an exceptionally accurate and humane memory. Other excellent impressions from the front have in them certain qualities that belong to enterprising authorship; they seek after varied effects, show off the manipulation of their art, and at times they are too "young-mannish" in their gay attitude toward great and terrible events. Professor Morgan writes well because he feels deeply, and sees imaginatively, and remembers everything that is useful to his charitable sketches. Every page is alive not merely with observation, but with that instinctive choice of essentials which painters, far more often than writers, regard as vital memory studies from the life. In these days of photographs, mere observation is a thing of small account; the necessary qualities are apt selection and breadth of vision. Professor Morgan knows what to omit and what to put in; how to respond at once to the character of a chosen subject, and how to keep at bay the busy afterthoughts that put disunion into meditated work done spontaneously.

Vigour and variety go hand in hand through the rapid chapters, and sometimes they are united to a natural pathos "wet with the tears of things". There is a dying Wiltshireman in hospital who talks of many things to Professor Morgan, and who touches the heart sometimes like martial music and sometimes like the old ballads. His mind goes back to the woods at home; he sees "the children makin' daisy-chains", and remembers the good parson who "warnt much of a preacher, though a did say 'Dearly beloved' in church in a very taking way, as though he were a-courtin'". There is a picture of the trenches at night:

"Them nights—they do make you think a lot. It be mortal queer up there—you veels as if you were on the edge of the world. I used to look up at the sky and mind me o' them words in the Bible, 'When I conzider the heavens, the work o' Thy fingers, and the stars which Thou hast made, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?' One do feel uncommon small in them trenches at night."

This Tommy is noted for his strength and courage; he belongs to the old Army, but under the discipline he remains a Wiltshire peasant. In a story of German devilry—and of its punishment—he speaks with the simplicity of an epic, ending thus: "They be bad fellows. O Christ! they be rotten bad. Twoads they be! I never reckon no good 'ull come to men what abuses wimmen and children. But I'm afeard they be 'nation strong—there be so many on 'em."

Professor Morgan made a journey in the company of a French staff officer over the country that lies between Paris and the river Aisne. They came out on a wide rolling plain, and in the waning light of a winter's day they saw suddenly among the stubble and between the oat-ricks, far as the eye could reach, thousands of little tricolour flags waving in

the breeze. "By each flag was a wooden cross. By each cross was a soldier's képi, and sometimes a coat, bleached by the sun and rain. Instinctively we bared our heads, and as we walked from one grave to another I could hear the orderly behind us muttering words of prayer. That lonely oratory was the battlefield of the Marne. Seasons will come and go; man will plough and sow; the earth will yield her increase; but those graves will never be disturbed by share or sickle. They are holy ground. So it is with the fields of Flanders. In these fields our gallant dead lie where they fell, and where they lie the earth is dedicated to them for ever."

Pictures of a very different sort teem in the other chapters. There is the Professor's landlady, excellent Madame Bonnard, in the quiet town which serves as G.H.Q. She is a widow of eighty-five, and as warlike as a "75". "Avez-vous tué des Allemands?" is the question that she fires at her English friend evening after evening, with the result that Professor Morgan, returning from his visits to Divisional and Brigade Headquarters, brings with him a little enterprising charity of white fibs; he kills a German every day, greatly to Madame's pleasure, and his total bag when he comes away is important enough to be worth a place in the highest grade of the Legion of Honour. So Madame looks upon our Home Office Commissioner as a bigwig among heroes, and her servant Jeanne, whose husband is a *pompier* somewhere at the front, working hard for no pay at all, is equally pleased with him. "La guerre, quand finira-t-elle?" is the stock question that breaks every evening from her lips. Jeanne has a separation allowance of a franc a day, and her son gets ten sous daily from his fatherland; but it never occurs to Jeanne that this trifling help from her country is not enough. Grumble? Not she! Jeanne sings at her work, and hopes with her mistress that the Kaiser's throat will be cut one day.

Thirty brief chapters make this book as wonderful as a month of thirty days in this war of thronged braveries. And again and again in every chapter the same reflection comes to us: "Under military discipline our countrymen are astonishingly efficient in all their labour, while at home there is compromise among the civilian officials and doubts and fears in the public mind. There seems to be something equine in our race, something to be broken in by skilled training, then put to definite work by apt drivers and clever jockeys." No one who reads what Professor Morgan has seen at the front can ever again believe that it is voluntarism, not penetrating discipline, that gets efficiency and contentment in war from British workers.

The noblest paper in this book is "Bobs Bahadur", relating a visit that Lord Roberts paid to an Indian hospital ship four or five days before he died. It would make the fortune of any book. Every sentence is wholly true, and also so touching with alembicated drama that it somehow makes real at the same moment and with incomparable ease the poetical magic of Empire and the quite wondrous love that Roberts and the Indian troops had for one another. It was the O.C. who accompanied the little Field-Marshal through the ship. Presently they entered the great ward in the main hold:

"Here were avenues of swinging cots, in double tiers, the enamelled iron white as snow, and on the pillow of each cot lay a dark head, save where some were sitting up—the Sikhs binding their hair as they fingered the *kangha* and the *chakar*, the comb and the quoit-shaped hair-ring, which are of the five symbols of their freemasonry. The Field-Marshal stopped to talk to a big *sowar*. As he did so the men in their cots raised their heads and a sudden whisper ran round the ward. Dogras, Rajputs, Jats, Baluchis, Garhwalis clutched at the little pulleys over their cots, pulled themselves up with painful efforts, and saluted. In a distant corner a Mahratra from the aboriginal plains of the Deccan, his features dark almost to blackness, looked on uncomprehendingly; Gurkhas stared in silence, their broad Mongolian faces betraying little of the agitation that held them in its spell. From the

rest there arose such a conflict of tongues as has not been heard since the Day of Pentecost. From bed to bed passed the magic words: "It is he". Every man uttered a benediction. Many wept tears of joy. A single thought seemed to animate them, and they voiced it in many tongues.

"Ah! now we shall smite the *German-log* exceedingly. We shall fight even as tigers for Jarj Panjam [King George the Fifth]. The great Sahib has come to lead us in the field. Praised be his exalted name."

"The Field-Marshal's eyes shone.

"No, no", he said, "my time is finished. I am too old."

"Nay, sahib", said the *sowar* as he hung on painfully to his pulley, "the body may be old, but the brain is young".

"The Field-Marshal strove to reply, but could not. Suddenly he turned on his heel and rushed up the companion-ladder. When halfway up he remembered the O.C., and retraced his steps. The tears were streaming down his face.

"Sir", he said, in a voice the deliberate sternness of which but ill-concealed an overmastering emotion, "your hospital arrangements are excellent. I have seen none better. I congratulate you. Good day."

The next moment he was gone; and five days later the O.C., standing on the upper deck, watched with straining eyes the leave-boat that put out to sea with a dead pilot: the greatest of our statesmen, understood in India, misunderstood at home.

PAIN AND POVERTY.

"A Raw Youth." By Fyodor Dostoevsky. Translated by Constance Garnett. Heinemann. 4s. 6d. net.

IF an example were needed of the depths to which genius may sink whilst still remaining genius, it would be found in this amazing work. The book called "A Raw Youth" provokes pity for its writer—the man who wrote "Crime and Punishment" and "The House of the Dead". Its history, the story of its birth, can only have been tragic; it could only have come into being under the twin forces of sickness and poverty. All in it that is worth having could have been compressed into a slender volume of a hundred pages, yet in this English edition Dostoevsky's tale runs to more than five times that length. The subject of the novel, or one of its subjects, is the mental torment of a young man, scarcely more than a boy, who is forced to live in the society of persons older than himself and of finer breeding. The study is often admirable. The unhappy Dolgoruky is the illegitimate son of a prince whom he alternately hates and worships. The name by which he goes is that of a distinguished Russian family; but, as it happens, he derives it from a man who had been a serf and is his "legal father". He cannot tell anyone his name without being asked "Prince Dolgoruky?" At school he learns to hate his fellows, and, always conscious of his defects and disabilities, he develops extraordinary *gaucherie* in speech and manner. In adolescence his particular detestation is for well-dressed and beautiful women. When a young officer begins to treat him with consideration and to accept his company in public places, he feels the wildest joy; but it is only to be turned to horror when he finds that his new friend is his sister's lover, and that he himself has been treated as accomplice to her shame.

Had Dostoevsky been content with this psychological study the novel would have been among his masterpieces, but his chief desire seems to have been to spread some kind of tale over the greatest possible number of pages. At intervals one is reminded that a part of the story hinges on a mystery about a document. What may be the nature of the document one does not know, and, after a time, one ceases to care. Explanation always seems probable in the next chapter, but again and again it is postponed, and one soon recognises the whole thing for the mean device of a

writer of feuilletons. The common Russian habit of allowing the characters to delay the narrative with long and often pointless conversations is here carried to most absurd lengths. If a writer is above all else to be "natural", much is to be said for these simple, artless dialogues between ordinary people; but in "A Raw Youth" one is seldom free from the thought that Dostoevsky probably received 100 roubles a sheet for it, and was terribly jealous because Turgenev was getting four times that amount. "I am poor", he wrote once to his brother, "and so must write in greater haste and for money; consequently, I have to spoil everything I do". And again: "Since our last meeting I've run through more than 3,000 roubles. I do live in a very disorderly way, and that's the truth! . . . My health is utterly shattered. I am neurotic and dread low fever. I am so dissolute that I simply can't live decently any more. . . ."

These confessions were made at an early age, and "A Raw Youth" was published some thirty years later, but time made no change with Dostoevsky except in his political opinions. One cannot wonder that Turgenev called the book "a vain and incomprehensible stuttering". Great as was its author's success he was always in need of money, and raised it by the sheet or line in the fashion of the elder Dumas. His passion for gambling was, doubtless, to blame; but, incidentally, his experiences at roulette and faro gave him material for some of the best pages in this novel.

Dolgoruky, like his creator, believed he could gain wealth and independence at the gaming tables, and there is a wonderful scene where, after a run of luck, he is accused of swindling and lacks the wit to clear himself. It reaches a tremendous climax when the boy pursues his "friends" from the room, boasting of the money he is taking away, and follows them into the snow until some servant pushes him away from the sledge where they sit in utter silence. Such a passage shows Dostoevsky a giant among the giants of Russian literature. Much of the rest of the book shows nothing but disorder of mind and prostitution of art.

THE KNIGHT-ERRANTS OF AUSTRALASIA.

"Australasia Triumphant!" With the Australians and New Zealanders in the Great War on Land and Sea. By A. St. John Adcock. 36 Illustrations. Simpkin. 2s. 6d. net.

WE choose this book by Mr. St. John Adcock because it is an attempt to give the people a popular lesson in Imperialism. It is not a good book all through; some parts of it look uncandid and incomplete; but Mr. Adcock is greatly moved by the epic of the Dardanelles, and his appreciation of some other events is brief and graphic and sincere. He patrols the Pacific, takes part in the doings of the "Sydney," witnesses the fight for the Suez Canal, and is thus one of those narrators at second-hand who see the events that they describe, because their sympathy is imaginative. Nevertheless, there are two chapters—the first and the last—in which he goes astray. He criticises the errors of Germany, but does not sufficiently explain the strength of Germany, nor does he understand the pre-war follies of our own country.

"Making Ready" is the title of chapter i., and the right beginning for this chapter is as plain as a high road. Yet it is not chosen by Mr. Adcock, who prefers to attack the bubble reputations of "Treitschke, Bernhardt, and that pitiful brood of Prussian wiseacres". Bernhardt and Co. were wrong in many of their prophecies, but Mr. Adcock fails to see that they were entirely right in their most important forecast, and that this fact gives him the logical beginning for his book. German writers were aggressively candid for the same reason that caused German statesmen and German tradesmen to advertise their predatory aims aggressively: they believed that no warning would have any influence on British illusions, and that Great Britain would be caught napping in matters of military preparation. So true

was this forecast that even to-day, after nineteen months of war, Great Britain is doing preparative work which ought to have been done in peace. Her period of "Making Ready" has not yet been ended. Historians have no right to omit essential facts, and Mr. Adcock must see that Gallipoli would not have been lost if the nation had listened to Lord Roberts.

Mr. Adcock tells his readers that Germany does not understand what freedom means. This point is her own concern, not ours. The point that concerns us is the undoubted unity of her people and the influence of this characteristic on the war. To understand your enemy is the first principle of warfare, and if, as Mr. Adcock tells us, the Prussian mind is "fossilised", and if the German conception of Empire is "immature", he should go on to explain why the German Empire is so difficult to defeat. He owes this explanation to the Allied soldiers, Russian, French, British, Italian, Belgian, and Japanese, who have fought with magnificent bravery, yet find that the "fossilised" Central Powers are still strong.

In Mr. E. C. Buley's book, "Glorious Deeds of Australasians", there is a simple story that sums up the Australasian ideal. An Australian officer spoke to Mr. Buley about the doings of two very brave men in his company. "Did you report them for recognition?" asked Mr. Buley. "No", the officer answered, "they did no more than their duty; no more than any other two of my men would have done in similar circumstances". Carlyle would have written an essay on this high-spirited reply. And Mr. Adcock tells some fine stories, but why does he not fill his book with Australians and New Zealanders? The noble braveries of the Dominion troops are not so well known as they should be, and these are the things Mr. Adcock really understands. His political views are often too emotional and his reading of history flirts at times with the pre-war atmosphere, though new books for the young generation should belong entirely to our New Age—an age made for us by soldiers and sailors, not by eloquent illusionists.

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